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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 169.—Vol. XIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 27, 1907 [With Supplements, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

"Miss Hook of Holland" at the Prince of Wales's

Mr. Hook (Mr. G. P. Huntley) to Gretchen (Miss Eva Kelly): "I've got a knot in my handkerchief about you, Gretchen"

No. 169.—Vol. XIII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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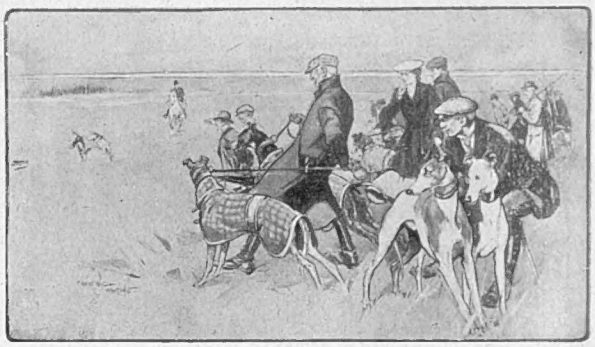
Our Supplement.



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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday February 27, 1907

Though sufferig frob a severe cold, the Pribe Bidister badaged to have didder with the Kig last week.

* * *

In the opinion of some people, the Kaiser can do no right, and his presentation of a statue of William III. to King Edward is regarded as only a covert way of hurling an Orange at the British nation.

* * *

Mr. Jerome's cross-examination of Mrs. Thaw, announced a contemporary's New York correspondent, "became at length so heartrending that women reporters and many others quitted the Court." Politely, but firmly, we decline to believe they did mything so unnatural.

* * *

By throwing up a mud island off the Arakan coast of Burmah, a volcanic eruption has added a new Colony to our Empire. The Government is arranging to offend it at the earliest opportunity.

* * *

The Rev. John Clifford has not, after all, been entirely deaf to the criticisms of his "D.D." degree. While he retains the "Doctor," he has—at any rate in his professional career—practically dropped the "Divinity."

* * *

Doctorates of the Western University of Pennsylvania have been conferred on Mr. Moberley Bell, Mr. Stead, Mr. Clement Shorter, and other English gentlemen. By something which is little less than a miracle, Mr. Hall Caine has escaped.

* * *

Political ideas of punishment are most topsy-turvy. Mr. Rowland Hunt, M.P., because he attacked his leader, Mr. Balfour, in the House, will in future *not* receive the Party Whip.

* * *

The fact that a large number of people owed their safety from the *Berlin* disaster to "missing the train" is only another proof of the importance of this precaution.

* * *

The L.C.C. Progressives have many big municipal schemes in the air, but they do not yet seem to have thought of running a municipal "Hotel C.C.L."

* * *

The latest Agricultural Bill requires all substitutes for the real article to be plainly marked "Imitation Butter," but we have eminent legal authority for stating that the Act will not be enforced in the case of stuffed goats.

* * *

The Government's rumoured intention to send Admiral Fisher to the House of Lords seems to us, in view of the prospective fate of that Chamber, to be a somewhat thankless way to treat a distinguished public servant.

* * *

Mr. Balfour's wish that he had been "born in a simpler age" will be universally re-echoed by the virtuous. Had he, for instance, been born in the Garden of Eden, he would never have committed himself definitely to so tangible a proposition as that of Eve in regard to the apple, and then Sin would never have come to the world.

* * *

"Spirits from the Vasty Deep"

(*An Irish whisky firm has been heavily fined for evading duty*)

The whisky was run underground,
And the duty-free spirit sold cheap;
But it's not the first time we have found
That "still" waters run deep.

THE WRECK OF THE "BERLIN."

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editor wishes to state that ALL CLAIMS under THE BYSTANDER'S

£1,000 SEA ACCIDENT ASSURANCE

Policy which may be made by relatives of the victims of last Thursday's distressing shipwreck are being honoured by the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation.

See Page iii. of Cover for terms of Assurance.

Are Judges Too Old?

The usual winter epidemic has once more attacked the judges, and within a fortnight has kept the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Jelf, and Mr. Justice Bray away from the Courts for longer or shorter periods, to the despair of suitors and the further accumulation of arrears. The remedy is in the hands of the Government; either the number of judges must be increased, so as to leave a margin for emergencies, or, if the country cannot afford that expense, younger men must be appointed. For many years past most new judges have been nearly sixty at the time of their appointment, and many older than that, which means that they must serve on to the age of seventy-five to earn their full pension. Although the mental powers of men at that age are usually as good as ever, their bodies are weaker, and every trivial ailment becomes a serious matter. A glance at the casualty list almost always shows the old men laid up and the younger ones at work.

Bench and Bar

The detailed reports of the Thaw trial which have been published here have brought into prominence a feature of American procedure which always puzzles the English lawyer—namely, the extraordinary way in which the witnesses are chopped and changed about. Over and over again a question is objected to, on the ground that the desired evidence is not admissible until some other fact has been proved; the witness then leaves the box, and someone else is called to provide the missing link in the chain, and afterwards the original witness comes back and goes on with his story. This very seldom happens in England, though our rules of evidence are practically the same, the difficulty being got over by counsel stating that he is going to call the necessary witness later on. His assurance is accepted by the judge as a matter of course, and the progress of the trial is not interrupted. The English procedure is obviously the more convenient, since it is much easier for a jury to follow a connected story than one given in snippets; and the explanation of the American practice appears to be that the judges, whose qualification is more often friendship for Tammany than knowledge of law, either have a nervous fear of committing some technical slip, or have learned by experience that they cannot trust the counsel who practise before them. The implicit confidence with which the undertakings of counsel are received by the Bench is one of the most pleasant features of an English trial, and is rendered possible by the fact that all our judges have been promoted from the Bar, and are connected with its principal members by ties of life-long acquaintance and friendship.

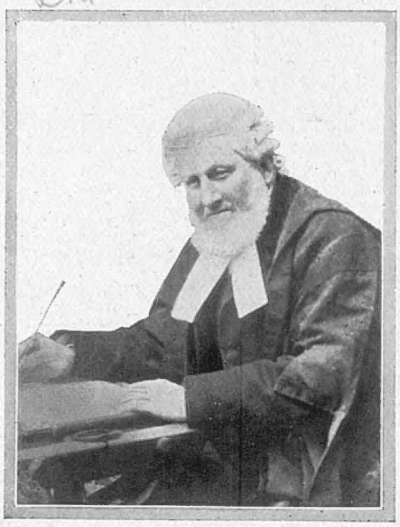


Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

England's Oldest Solicitor

Mr. J. H. Square, of Kingsbridge, Devon, who is ninety years of age, and still practising

Circuit Conviviality

A fortnight ago I described some of the changes which have recently taken place in Circuit life, but perhaps, the greatest change of all has been in its social aspect. In the old days everybody breakfasted and dined at the common mess, and it was the duty of the wine treasurer or wine committee to lay down an ample cellar of wine—especially port—at every assize town. Most Circuits possessed a poet who would write topical poems containing skits on the more prominent members of the Bench and Bar, and set them to popular tunes, and the evenings of all but the busiest men were devoted to old port, new songs, and many rubbers of whist.

Circuits To-Day

These convivialities will survive to a certain extent on such Circuits as the Western and Oxford, but for the most part they have been killed by modern railway facilities. Not only are most of the important country cases tried in London, but the barrister who has a brief on Circuit can usually leave Town by a late evening or early morning train, and get back the same night. If he is detained, and dines at mess, unless it is the first night of the assize, he will probably find himself alone, or with not more than one or two companions, and, therefore, he very often betakes himself to the local club, or even to the hotel coffee-room, a dire offence against the old-fashioned Circuit rules, which only a few years ago would have subjected him to a substantial fine.

The Oldest Solicitor

Mr. John Henry Square, of Kingsbridge, Devon, whose portrait appears above, is probably the oldest practising solicitor in England. A member of a well-known West-country family, who have been lawyers for generations, he was born on February 20, 1817, was admitted as a solicitor in Easter term 1839, and was registrar of the Kingsbridge County Court until three years ago, besides holding many other public offices.

The Topictator

IT IS RUMOURED THAT MR GEORGE EDWARDES IS NEGOTIATING WITH MISS MARIE LLOYD WITH A VIEW TO HER APPEARANCE IN MUSICAL COMEDY UNDER HIS MANAGEMENT. SHOULD THIS PROVE TRUE THERE IS A PATHETIC SIGNIFICANCE IN THE SONG WITH WHICH THE INCOMPARABLE MARIE HAS RECENTLY BEEN DELIGHTING HER AUDIENCES. "IT'S A THING OF THE PAST, OLD DEAR."

("ALL THE AMIR'S PURCHASES ARE PAID FOR IN CASH, WHICH IS A WELCOME INNOVATION IN THE METHODS OF EASTERN POTENTATES" REUTER)

"TRY IT, MY BROTHER,—AT ANY RATE AT FIRST."

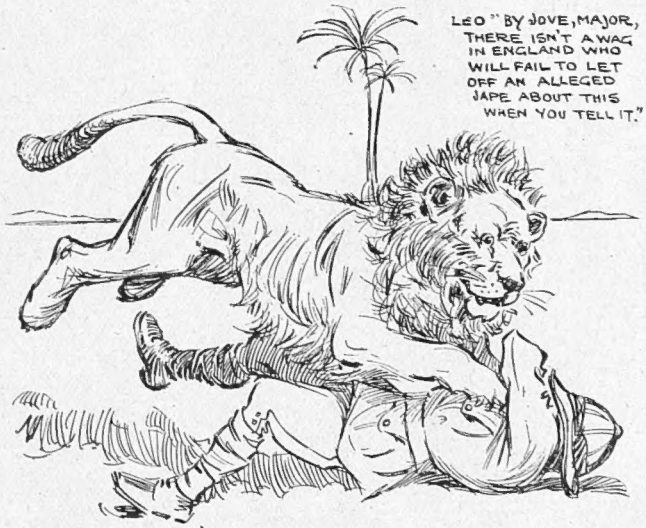
"I CONGRATULATE THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION THAT, THOUGH THIS DEBATE WAS SPECIALLY BROUGHT FORWARD WITH THE OBJECT OF ENTRAPPING HIM, HE HAS STILL ESCAPED" MR LLOYD GEORGE.

WASTED INDIGNATION.

WHEN THE USHER SAID "KISS!"
(IN THE COURSE OF HIS "USHING")
SHE SAID "SIR!" WITH A HISS,
WHEN THE USHER SAID "KISS!"
"O, I SEE! YOU MEAN—THIS!—
AND SHE KISSED—THE BOOK—BLUSHING,
WHEN THE USHER SAID "KISS!"
(IN THE COURSE OF HIS "USHING")

FRANK GILLETT

PICKED UP RECENTLY ON THE FLOOR OF THE SHOREDITCH COUNTY COURT.



LEO "BY JOVE, MAJOR, THERE ISN'T A WAG IN ENGLAND WHO WILL FAIL TO LET OFF AN ALLEGED JAPE ABOUT THIS WHEN YOU TELL IT."

MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S LIFE WAS SAVED, WHEN ATTACKED BY A LION ON HIS RECENT EXPEDITION, OWING TO HIS HAVING IN HIS POCKET A FOLDED COPY OF "PUNCH"

RACING NOTIONS

THE GRAND MILITARY MEETING. "BY CARBINE"

Sir Robert Jardine's Waterloo Cup

The great coursing meeting of the year was brought off without a hitch last week. The crowd was as huge and as enthusiastic as ever, the arrangements made by Lord Sefton, Mr. Hartley Bibby, and the other officials, were simply irreproachable, and the trials throughout were fully up to that high standard of excellence which we expect in the Waterloo Cup. There was much disappointment when the Countess of Sefton's San Francisco was very narrowly beaten in the second round, but Sir Robert Jardine's Long Span, the ultimate winner, was almost as well fancied as Lady Sefton's puppy, and it may be described as a very popular success. The Scottish baronet, like his father was before him, is one of the best supporters of coursing, and never hesitates to give a long price for any racehorse, hunter, or greyhound that takes his fancy; but, as a matter of fact, he bought Long Span very cheaply for ninety guineas. It was said that Sir Robert's dog would be found to be insufficiently trained, owing to the hard weather that had been experienced in Scotland, and certainly his form in his opening trial was not particularly encouraging. But he improved as he went on, and nothing could have been finer than the decisive way in which he vanquished the runner-up, the big Irish dog Glenbridge, whose good form was one of the surprises of the week, seeing that he had stood at 100 to 1 on the night of the draw. Against Long Span the original odds were 100 to 14.

The Soldiers' Meeting at Sandown

We thought that we had done with the frost until next winter, but the cold snap during the past few days has proved us wrong, and does not improve the outlook for the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park and the big handicaps now so near at hand. Any interference by the weather with the Soldiers' Meeting would be little short of calamitous, but this is about the best steeplechase gathering of the year in the South. Socially, it is quite an important *réunion*, and we meet people there who never go racing elsewhere during the winter. The sport is good as a rule, rising much in interest above average steeplechasing, for the soldiers are desperately keen, and for a long time past have been making their plans for this meeting. Mr. Calverley Bewicke, for example, bought Old Fairyhouse for 3,000 guineas, and has saved him expressly for the purpose of winning the Gold Cup on Friday. The chief danger will probably come from Mr. T. G. Paget's Albert III., a very consistent performer, and another prominent competitor is His Majesty's horse Flaxman, who jumped very well at the recent Baldoyle Meeting. How we shall cheer him if he wins at Sandown. But I fear there is no escaping the superior class of **Old Fairyhouse,** who, if there ever was a certainty in steeplechasing, looks like one on this occasion.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Grand National Favourite

Red Lad (on the right), who was second for the Grand National last season and is favourite this year. Our illustration shows him in his successful race at Windsor recently

Steeplechase Selections

There ought to be a great race for the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase on Thursday, for the cream of our jumpers are entered. One notable absentee is Ascetic's Silver; but he broke a blood-vessel at Newbury the other day, and I don't think he will repeat his Grand National success this year. It should be a good race to bet on, as fully half a dozen of the competitors are certain to be well fancied. My selection is **Red Lad,** and best of the others is Timothy Titus, who will probably be favourite. For the Open Hurdle Race, on Friday, I fancy **Simonson,** and the Past and Present Steeplechase may be won by **Island Chief.** On Saturday we have the Imperial Hurdle Race, the most valuable event of its kind so far this season. I think the issue rests between the top-weights, Wild Aster, Cinders, and John M.P., whose meeting would be something to remember. Neither of the first two mentioned have been extended this season, but they have not met a **John M.P.,** who will beat them if in anything like his old form.

"The Bystander's" Winners!

NOTICE TO READERS.—CINDERS *and* DOMINO, *"Carbine's" selections at the Newbury Meeting, were both winners — as also was* LONG SPAN *for the Waterloo Cup, selected in our Field, Stream, and Covert columns.*

THE WRECK OF THE "BERLIN."

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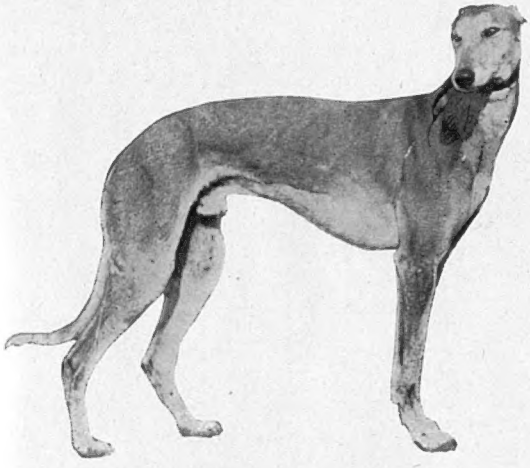
ACCIDENTS AT SEA.

The "Blue Ribbon of the Leash"

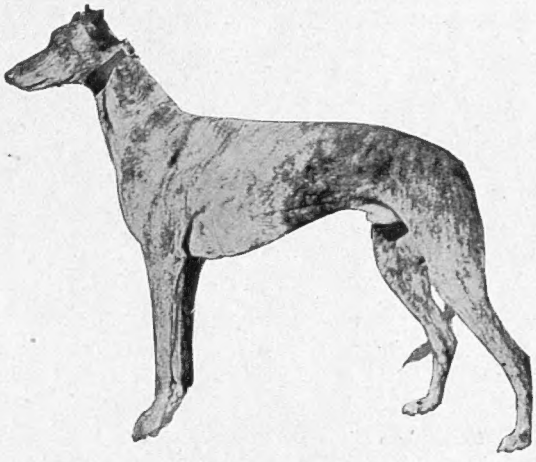
SCENES AT THE WATERLOO CUP MEETING AT ALTCAR

The Waterloo Cup Meeting at Altcar: The crowd watching the courses



The Winner of the Cup

Sir R. W. Buchanan Jardine's Long Span

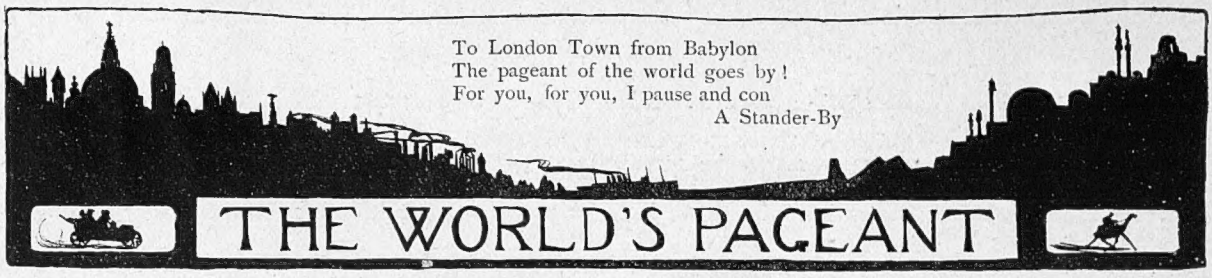


The Runner-up

Mr. A. D. Gaussen's Glenbridge

Dressing Long Span, the winner, after a course. Sir R. W. Buchanan Jardine (his owner) is standing on the right

This year's Waterloo Cup Meeting was a most successful one, even though, at its commencement, the weather conditions were far from favourable. The ultimate victory of Sir R. W. Buchanan Jardine's Long Span over the Irish dog Glenbridge was a popular one, though the good form of the runner-up was certainly one of the surprises of the week, for he had stood at 100 to 1 on the night of the draw



General Botha in Power

The return of a Boer majority, or, strictly speaking, a Het Volk and Nationalist coalition, in the Transvaal Elections does not fill us with any of that creepy concern with which some good patriots regard it. General Botha and his stalwarts become the Governors of the Transvaal Colony! Five years ago perhaps, had anybody told us that this would be the sequel of the Vereeniging Treaty, we should have dismissed it as fantastic. However, during the interim, the Boers have behaved in so exemplary a fashion and have shown themselves so loyal to the King and Empire that we have no possible fear that they will misuse the governing power they have now gained by Constitutional means.

Ref B 21/3/07.

Photo] **General Botha** [*Thiele*
The Leader of the Het Volk party, which is now placed in power by the Transvaal Elections

* * *

Mr. Chamberlain and "Mr. Austen"

Apropos of this matter, perhaps one of those to whom the news will have come as somewhat of a shock, if, indeed, it has been brought to his knowledge at all, is the late Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain, who thus sees a most unexpected development of the policy for which he was responsible. Let us hope, however, that, in his pathetic retirement, he is spared as much as possible from the news of the outer world. For, in whichever political direction one looks, sad indeed is the state of affairs from the Birmingham standpoint. Tariff Reform has fizzled hopelessly in the House of Commons, and last week's debate showed the weakness of its position in Parliament as it has never been shown before. Mr. Balfour's speech on the debate was as Balfourian an effort as I have ever listened to in its evasion of the issue, though I confess I was particularly struck by the eloquence and lucidity with which Mr. Austen Chamberlain defended his father's despairing cause. With a voice tinged with emotion, with figures at his fingers' ends, he was able to make out as good a case for Protection as could be expected, even though he followed that master of stump oratory, the redoubtable Mr. Lloyd-George. The photograph I am able to publish of Mr. Chamberlain

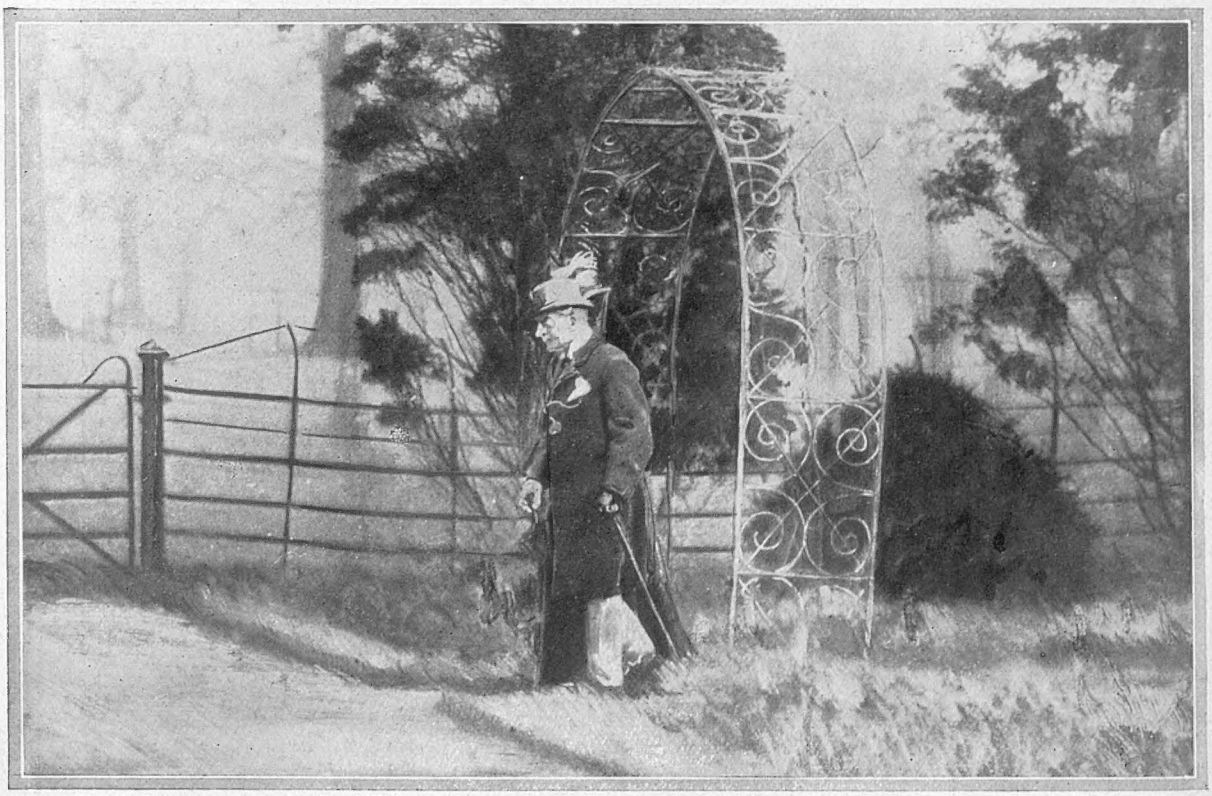


Photo *Bolak*
A recent snapshot of Mr. Chamberlain (the ex-Colonial Secretary) walking in the grounds of Highbury with Mrs. Chamberlain

London's New Sessions House

WHICH HIS MAJESTY OPENS TO-DAY, WEDNESDAY

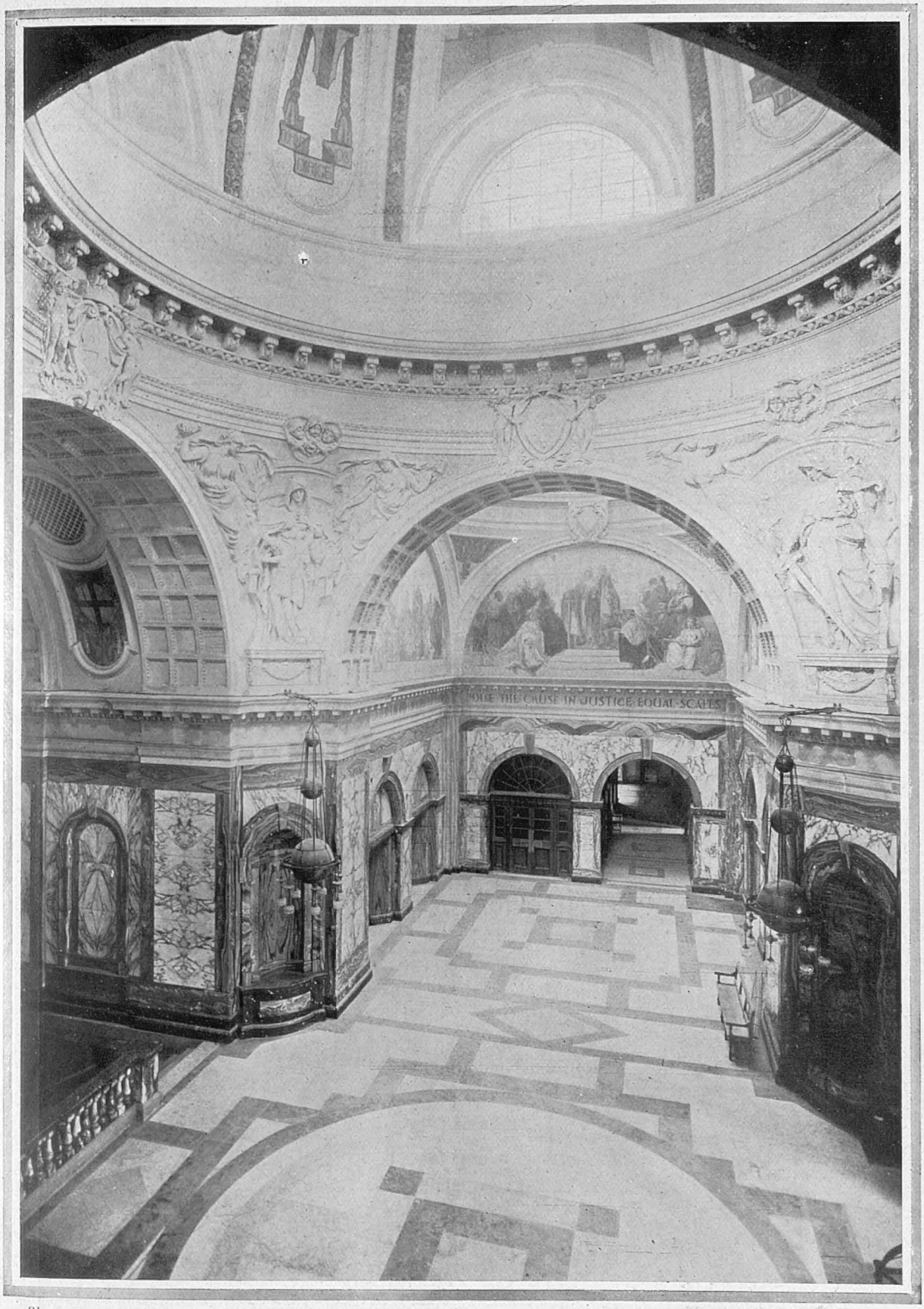


Photo *Eyre and Spottiswoode*

The Magnificent Central Vestibule of the new "Old Bailey"

The new Sessions House, which has arisen on the site of the gloomy prison of Newgate and the Old Bailey, and which the King opens to-day (Wednesday), is the latest of London's stately and beautiful public buildings. There are four halls of justice, each opening on the central vestibule, the floors and walls of which are of marble, and the frescoes by Sir William Richmond and Professor Moira. The cost of the building has been nearly half a million

The Disaster Off the Hook of Holland

will be of great interest to my readers—I hope of a pleasurable kind—for it, at any rate, proves the right honourable gentleman is able to get about, and to take the air, in the seclusion of Highbury.

* * *

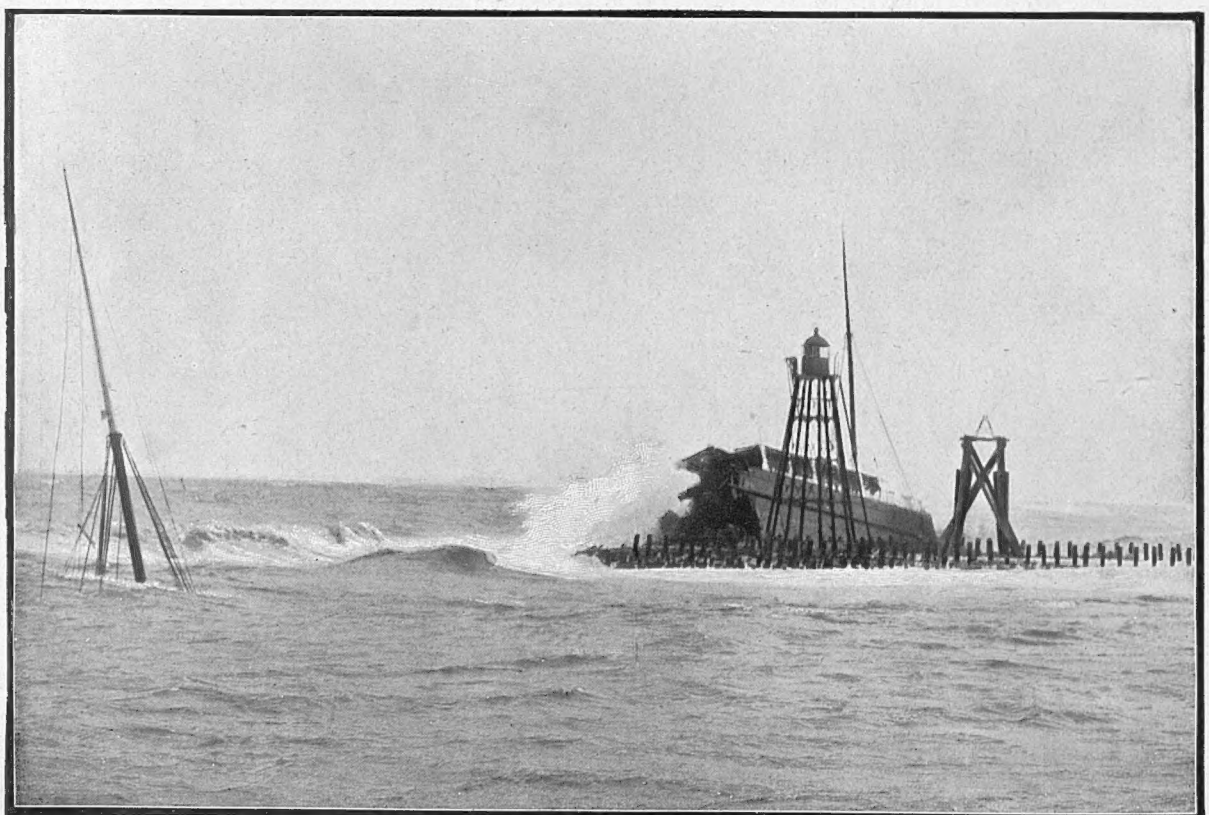
The Wreck of the "Berlin"

Last Thursday, Londoners received their instalment of the debt which Nature is busily discharging the world over in payment for the various misdeeds of humanity at large. Earthquake having been, perhaps, a little laboured, the shipwreck stage has been reached. Not a vast liner, in mid-Atlantic, filled with a mixed and cosmopolitan crowd, has been chosen for destruction, but a humdrum, workaday packet steamer, carrying City men to the Continent on the same old bent as, perhaps, scores of times before, wives back to their husbands, children to their parents, a casual clerk on a too-previous "summer holiday," a troupe of German opera-singers, despondent with a luckless season—such was the human cargo chosen as sacrifice to Nature's fury. Scarcely a citizen does not regard the disaster as personally affecting himself. The route *viâ* Harwich and the Hook is so popular a way of crossing to the Continent that any one of us *might*, we told ourselves ruefully, have been now among the dead. Exasperating beyond measure is the reflection that the breaking-up of the steamer took place, not in mid-ocean, but at the very moment when the luckless passengers were, probably, congratulating each other on having reached the end of a perilous crossing, and entered the safety of the new Waterway. The horror of the earlier shock has, however, been partly mitigated by the news of the gallant and most dramatic rescues of fifteen of the clinging survivors by the Dutch sailors.

* * *

The Season of Biarritz

Lenten restrictions notwithstanding, Biarritz is preparing to enjoy itself during the forthcoming English season. *Déjeuners*, dinners, balls, the Horse Show in connection with the Biarritz and Bayonne Foxhounds, the point-to-point races at the Halte de Chassin, the mi-Carême open-air fêtes, which terminate with a great *bal masque* in the *salons* of the Casino, the annual prize meeting at the Golf Club—these are but a few of the excitements which are helping to fill up the time and energies of the pleasure-seeking visitors to Biarritz. As usual, too, the approaching visit of His Majesty has caused the accustomed *coterie* of friends of the King to assemble at Biarritz. Sir Ernest Cassel has taken the Villa Belle Fontaine, and will, in his usual lavish fashion, there entertain the King. Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester will have Mrs. George Keppel and her sister, Miss Yznaga, to stay with her. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther is visiting, at the Villa Nirvana, Mrs. "Plus" Moore, the American lady who so successfully entertained the King and his friends last year, during the month of March. Lady Millar, of Manderston, who has, owing to her large fortune, been irreverently nicknamed the "Catch of the Season," Lord and Lady de Ramsey, with their tall and stately newly married daughter, Mrs. Coulson Fellowes, the Grand Duke Alexander and the Grand Duchess Xenia, the Comte and Comtesse Guy de Lucinge Faucigny (he is a



Photo] **The stranded remains of the "Berlin" off the Hook of Holland** [*Illustrations Bureau*

The scene of last Thursday's appalling disaster, by which the s.s. *Berlin* was smashed in two and her bows sunk. The afterpart was left afloat, alongside the breakwater (as shown above), but owing to the fury of the seas, forty-seven hours elapsed before the last of the survivors could be rescued. Criticism has been made of the apparent absence of a rocket apparatus ashore at the Hook of Holland, which would have enabled a rope to be thrown on to the vessel

The Season at Biarritz

Count Guy de Lucinge Faucigny
A distinguished Belgian nobleman, and an annual *habitué* of Biarritz, whither the King repairs shortly

Belgian and she an American), Lord and Lady Joicey, Sir Charles and Lady Brownlow, Lord Herbert Vane Tempest (a most enthusiastic golfer), and many other well-known and annual *habitués* at Biarritz are already assembled there. It is also announced, to the extreme gratification of the ever-loyal Biarrots, that King Alfonso will, during March, stay for a week at the Palace of Miramar, and will, as he did last year, entertain King Edward at luncheon.

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The King at Tring

Before leaving for Biarritz, however, the King hopes also to pay his postponed visit to Lord and Lady Rothschild at Tring. Although at the Rothschild mansion, in Piccadilly, His Majesty is a frequent visitor, yet at Tring King Edward has not stayed since his accession. It is at Lord Rothschild's Hertfordshire seat, it will be remembered, that Mr. Walter Rothschild keeps his famous menagerie of wild animals, but the team of zebras which was wont to enliven the dulness of the Hertfordshire lanes has for some time disappeared. The house was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, though one would scarcely think so to look at it, for anything more modern, more French-looking, in appearance it would be difficult to find. Lord and Lady Rothschild, of course, are both of them past masters in the art and practice of entertaining. They have only just returned from the Rothschild wedding in Vienna, and from there I hear that her ladyship's unalterably simple style of dress elicited from the much-dressed Viennese almost as much comment as did her magnificent, perfectly matched pearls. Lady Rothschild, indeed, is one of the simplest and most unaffected of women. Her benevolence, like her wealth, is unbounded, and her kindness of heart is only equalled by her utter lack of ostentation.

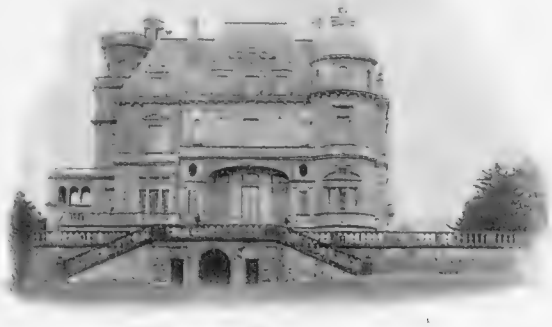
* * *

Diplomatic Additions

Two welcome additions have lately been made to the inner diplomatic circle of London Society by the arrival of a new First Secretary at the Russian Embassy in Chesham Place, and a new attaché at the French Embassy, for both have charming wives, whose photographs we publish. M. Pierre de Botkine, the Russian First Secretary, succeeds M. de Pokliewsky Koziell, who was promoted to be Councillor on the transference of Count Serge Sazanov. He and his wife are at present at the Ritz, where there are always so many foreigners; but they are looking out for a house in Mayfair. The new attaché at the French Embassy, Comte de Montholon, is a son of the Prince de Montholon, the heir of the late Comte de Journon, one of the most wealthy men in France, and the owner of large estates in the Bourbonnais. His wife, as will be seen from our picture, carries out the very *chic* French custom of wearing a hat with evening dress, which reminds me that when Her Majesty was in Paris the other day she, too, followed the French custom, and wore a hat when she went to the play. It was not a tiny theatre toque either, but a large hat of the picturesque order lately affected by Her Majesty. I noticed, too, last week at a performance of *Education de Prince* at the New Royalty, that the Princess of Wales was wearing a high dress, which, of course, is also in accordance with French ideas of what should be worn in the theatre.

Countess Guy de Lucinge Faucigny
The American wife of Count Guy de Lucinge Faucigny, now at Biarritz

The Conde de Penalver
President of the Royal Automobile Club of Spain, in his Gobron car



The Villa Belle Fontaine, at Biarritz
Which Sir Ernest Cassel has rented for the season, and where he will entertain the King

The Movements of Majesty

Royalty on Holiday

The King, as has already been announced, will, on his way to Biarritz, pay a second visit to his beloved Paris. The Queen, during the King's absence, will pay visits, first to her brother, the King of Denmark, and will then very probably go from thence to Christiana. Her Majesty, by the way, has confessed, since her return to England, that what she most enjoyed in Paris was the shopping in which she was enabled to indulge. Her Majesty's chief delight, indeed at any time, is to do her own shopping, and it was always the greatest treat she could give her daughters. To go into a shop, especially when they imagined themselves unrecognised, and to buy and choose at their own sweet will, was like heaven to them. When the Princess Royal married the Duke of Fife she, too, enjoyed, I remember, a perfect orgy of shopping. By some piece of inadvertence, I once found myself, soon after her marriage, in the Edgware Road, near the Marble Arch, on a Sunday morning. There I saw Her Royal Highness. She was peering into every shop window which had not its shutters up, and was apparently enjoying herself hugely. It is quaint to find that members of the Royal family should take this huge delight in being unnoticed—a condition which is gall and wormwood to you, gentle reader, and to me, except, mayhap, in the Edgware Road on a Sunday morning.

* * *

The King and Queen and the Opera

Her Majesty's other "failing" is for the opera, her penchant for which is well known. *Lohengrin* is her favourite opera, for it has associations for her, and Herr Herold, the latest and most decorative Lohengrin we have seen for some time, is her favourite Danish tenor. Her associations with *Lohengrin*, by the way, are now rather ancient history, even for one of Her Majesty's perennial youthfulness. The King, it will be remembered, was, as a youth, really very handsome indeed, and was the possessor of fine blue eyes which, in those days, did not display so prominently as now the full lids of his family. Princess Alexandra met him one day by chance in Worms Cathedral. "He is my idea of Lohengrin," she told her mother, Queen Louise, afterwards. The King's favourite opera, as I mentioned last week, is *Die Meistersinger*. He knows practically every note, and has been known to chafe considerably at the many cuts and omissions which seem necessary to its performance.

Lady Rothschild

To be visited by the King at Tring before His Majesty's departure for Biarritz

Photos *H. Walter Barnett*

Countess de Montholon

Wife of Count de Montholon, the new Attaché at the French Embassy in London

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The Kaiser—a Eulogy

Die Meistersinger, too, is the favourite Wagnerian opera of that very theatrical person the Kaiser. And dear me, what a *very* theatrical person he is! With his midnight speeches, his five handsome sons, his white motor-car, his jealously guarded purple standard, and his double-noted hooter! And yet, with it all, how intensely one admires him. His personal magnetism is beyond everything, and when you have shaken hands with him, you feel as if you have been at rather too close quarters with an electric battery. His genius is a real thing; his serious pursuit of the sacred duties of kingship, an example to his brother monarchs. As a boy he was fond of games and jokes and books that would have amused a child of ten, and was even then a little intolerant, a little overbearing. The Empress had a most jumpy way of educating her children. One day she would ordain that they were to read Milton's "Paradise Lost," because of its fine literary English. Then, a day or two after, she would send them back to Shakespeare. But, true daughter of her mother as she was, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" was her staple food for them.

Russian Society in London

Photo *H. Walter Barnett*

Madame Botkine

The charming American wife of the new First Secretary of the Russian Embassy in London. She and her husband are at present staying at the Ritz, while looking for a house in Mayfair

A New Peer and His Popularity

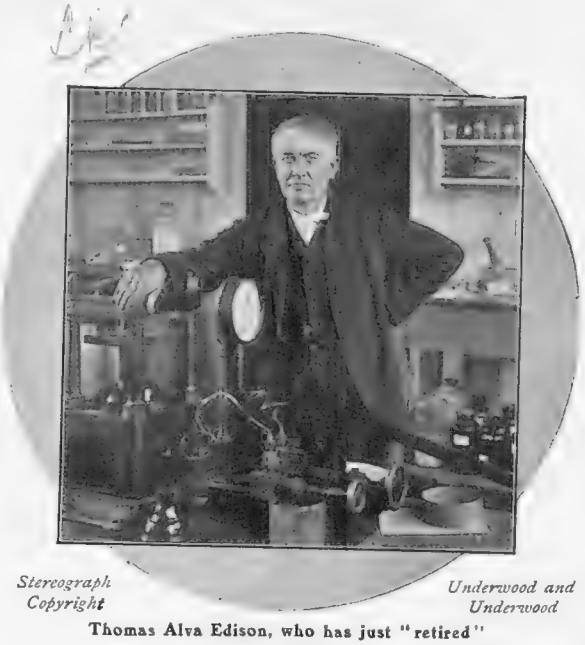
Radium Parties

Mr. William Gillett continues to attract large attendances to his radium parties at the Bachelors' Club. Mr. Gillett, who, with the late Mr. Augustus Savile, of Rufford Abbey, founded the Bachelors' Club in 1881, is now its Chairman and one of the Trustees, and is, in addition, most popular. Though nearly seventy, he is as keen as ever on his radium parties. He is also very interested in the Royal Amateur Art Society's Annual Exhibition, which takes place at Hyde Park House on March 7 to 10, and on the day of the private view he generally gives one of his celebrated tea-parties, at which radium may, or may not, form the *pièce de résistance*. In connection with the Bachelors' Club, too, it really is quite sad to reflect that when the new flats, which are rising on the site of the old Gloucester House, are complete, they will entirely dwarf not only Mr. Henry King's and Lord Glenesk's houses, but also the Bachelors' Club. The block is to be seven stories high, and each storey, in consideration of the fact that the rent of each flat is something like £3,000 a year, is to be of noble altitude.

* * *

"So Amusin'"

It is to be hoped, therefore, that the dim religious light, which will be all that can be vouchsafed by kind Heaven to the Bachelors' once the flats are completed, will not drive the members of the Club elsewhere—to the even more exclusive haunts of matrimony, for instance. Already, however, there are signs of unrest. A departure from precedent will be seen next week, when several members are giving a mi-Carême Ball at the Ritz, with Mr. Harry Higgins as chairman. Many ladies have been invited, but it has been, of course, found impossible to issue invitations to all those ladies who have at different times enjoyed the delights of tea and radium at the Bachelors' Club. This has caused disappointment, I hear; but, then, one cannot have everything. Radium parties alone form an excuse for one to wear one's most bewitching frock, eat the loveliest peaches, and *talk*. They are voted "so amusin'," and "one can talk, you know," and one *does*, as I know to my cost, all through the lecture. Luckless Mr. Gillett! Sometimes, poor man, he looks quite chagrined, so difficult is it to make one's voice heard; but, then, one should not entertain "smart" Society if one expects gentle voices or gentle manners, should one?



Stereograph Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

Thomas Alva Edison, who has just "retired"

Probably the most versatile inventor of the age, Mr. Edison announced on his sixtieth birthday that he was going to give up the commercial side of his life and work in his laboratory purely as a scientist

The New Lord Allendale

The new Lord Allendale, by his succession to his father's title, vacates the seat for the Hexham Division of Northumberland which he held as the Hon. Wentworth Beaumont, and also leaves vacant a post of Whip in the Commons. Since the Liberals came into power he has held the position of Vice-Chamberlain in the Royal Household, and as this is generally associated with the office of Whip, there is now a nice little billet worth about £700 in the gift of the Government for someone. The fact that Lord Allendale vacates his seat for Hexham will not, however, cause too much distress amongst his constituents, for Lord Allendale, or Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, under which name he is still better known, is not, perhaps, the most popular man in the North Country. His return to Parliament as a Radical is to be accounted for by the fact that the Hexham Division of Northumberland is largely governed by the votes of the miners, who, of course, are always Radicals. As luck would have it, too, Mr. Beaumont succeeds a man popular in every sense of the word. The late Lord Allendale had enjoyed his privileges as a Member of the House of Lords less than a year before his death, and in this connection it is interesting to note that of the many male descendants of George Canning, through his only daughter, Lady Clanricarde, only three have sat in the House of Commons, and two of these are now in the House of Lords. The late peer, by the way, was a great art collector. He possessed one of the genuine Giorgione's in existence.

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A Charming Wife

Lady Aline, the wife of the new peer, though politically a renegade, is also a charming hostess and a delightful woman. A sister of Lord Londonderry, she comes, of course, of thoroughly Conservative stock, and her receptions in St. James's Place as a Liberal hostess last Session added considerably to the not radiantly distinguished ranks of her class. Like all the Vane-Tempest-Stewarts, Lady Aline, though slightly reserved, has beautiful manners, and is, as the country folk say, a "pleasant-spoken lady." Her ladyship needs, certainly, to be pleasant spoken enough for two, for no one who knows Lord Allendale could accuse him of erring on the side of undue affability. I remember that at a certain meet of the Tynedale Hounds, which are mastered by Mr. J. C. Straker, the reproachful countenance of our

Should "Eligibles" Leave London?

lamented Member for the Hexham Division nearly, if not quite, succeeded in depressing our spirits before the fun began, so very penetrating are the effects of his lordship's taciturnity when election time is at a respectable distance. Lord and Lady Allendale entertain and hunt from Bywell Hall, their huge house on the banks of the Tyne, outside Stocksfeld. They also, however, have a place near Wakefield, and here the first Lord Allendale was buried last week.

* * *

Deserting the London Season

It is with heartfelt sorrow that I note that two men who were nothing more or less than the catches of the season are, or will very soon be, no longer in our midst. Lord Anglesey and his friend, Lord Compton, who only lately came of age, and who is the son and heir of the Marquis of Northampton, are basely—I can call it nothing else—deserting London Society in the very hour of its need. *Débutantes* abound, young men are as scarce as blackberries in June—some of them greener—and yet, and yet, here are two of the nicest of them, and, be it whispered, the most eligible, creeping off to shoot big game in the Antipodes, or somewhere equally inaccessible so far as the mothers of daughters are concerned, instead of remaining at home to take their chance of being shot at themselves. Probably it is in view of such contingencies, and to prevent their so constant occurrence, that women wish to help legislate. I imagine when that desideratum is obtained, that "NO-BIG-GAME-SHOOTING-FOR-ELIGIBLE-YOUNG-MEN-DURING-THE-MONTHS-OF-APRIL-MAY-AND-JUNE will be one of the first laws introduced, that is, of course, provided Society mothers will have any voice in the matter.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. William Gillett

Whose radium parties Society finds "so amusin'." He is one of the founders and the Chairman of the Bachelors' Club

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Two Busy Young Men

I scarcely know whether I am right in labelling as "busy" a President of the Oxford Union. Mr. Neville Stuart Talbot, this term's President, however, is at any rate the descendant of busy men, for he is the son of the Bishop of Southwark and a great-nephew of Mr. Gladstone; and that he will be kept fairly busy on Friday next I have no doubt, for on that day the Under-Secretary for the Colonies — always welcome in the Union—is to take part in a debate there. He will move (or support, I forget which) a vote of confidence in the present Ministry. Mr. F. E. Smith, the brilliant young Member for the Walton Division, will oppose the vote, and, with the crossing of two such well-turned swords

Photo *Dickinsons*

The New Lord Allendale

As the Hon. Wentworth Beaumont, Lord Allendale has represented Hexham in the Liberal interest since 1895. Since the present Government's accession to power, he has been a Whip and the Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household

Photo *Speaight*

The New Lady Allendale and her Children

As Lady Aline Beaumont she has been one of the most prominent of the Liberal hostesses, both in London and the North, where she and her husband entertain and hunt from Bywell Hall, their beautiful house on the banks of the Tyne near Stocksfeld. She is the sister of Lord Londonderry

Four Young Men of the Moment

stirring times are anticipated. As for the President, whose photograph we are charmed to be able to publish, well, he formed so lately the subject of No. CCCXXIX of the Isis Idols that I feel I cannot do better than sketch his character from that. He is said to have seven sins—I mean tastes. They are Bowling, Batting, Burgundy, Bathing, Beethoven, Bridge, and Biscuits. Politically, he is self-named an Independent Chestertonian, whatever that may be. Physically massive and round-spectacled, the mild benevolence of his outlook and the sparrow-heartedness of his

Photo *Gillman*

Mr. N. S. Talbot

The son of the Bishop of Southwark, who is President of the Oxford Union, where Mr. Winston Churchill is taking part in a debate this week

courage is equalled only by the "rich sweetness of his soul and his fine old crusted jokes." His oratory is worthy of his forbears, and both his speaking and his silence are said to be tempered with tempestuous emotions. Socially, says his Isis biographer, our hero is everywhere in request. Indeed, at some stage of most of the entertainments which he graces, it is usually necessary to extend the quest to beneath the table and the sofa, for he is easily amused, and with difficulty stayed in the free course of his mirth.

* * *

Two Volunteers

The President of the Union,

Photo *Speaight*

Mr. Kenneth Maclaine

The eldest son of the Maclaine of Lochbuie, who is shortly making his stage *début* under the ægis of Mr. Seymour Hicks. He is a godson of the Duke of Argyll, and holds a commission in the Scottish Imperial Yeomanry

I should not omit to add, has also tempted fate as a soldier in the Rifle Brigade (at Haileybury, I believe), and as a soldier, too, my second and more "busy" young man has served. Mr. Kenneth Maclaine is the son of a well-known Highland chieftain. He holds a commission in the Scottish Horse Imperial Yeomanry, that corps the raising of which has been the chief event in the career of the Marquis Tullibardine. He is a godson of the Duke of Argyll, and he has now chosen the stage for a career.

Photo *Beresford*

Lord Compton

The heir of the Marquis of Northampton, who is accompanying Lord Anglesey on a big-game shooting tour

His *début* is to be made under the ægis of Mr. Seymour Hicks in the new musical play he is presenting next month. Though I have not heard whether or no Mr. Maclaine is to grace the boards in a kilt and the tartan of his clan, yet I have heard that even in the dull, modern disguise of coat and trousers he sings and dances with quite refreshing charm.

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The L.C.C. and the Aristocracy

Spring Gardens, even if only half of all the young sprigs of nobility who are putting up for election

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond St.*

The Marquis of Anglesey

Who is shortly leaving England to go on a big-game shooting expedition

arrive there, bids fair to be the fashionable resort of the future. It has long been the jumping-off ground to Parliament, and for several years the first Chairmanship of the London County Council occupied, it will be remembered, the whole attention and some of the most brilliant efforts of one of the greatest of our statesmen, Lord Rosebery. Indeed, the fact that his son, the Hon. Neil Primrose, is standing for the L.C.C. at Lewisham actually brought our Achilles from his tent not long since, and I am told he (Lord Rosebery) watches his son's career with the most entranced attention. Mr. Primrose, as a Progressive, is

The L.C.C. as a School for Statesmen

Photo *Lewis*

Lord Alexander Thynne

The defeated Conservative candidate for Bath, who is now seeking election on the L.C.C. He served through the Boer War, and is the brother of the Marquis of Bath

fighting Viscount Lewisham, the son and heir of the Catholic Earl of Dartmouth; and the Reformers claim for Lord Lewisham a special consideration, in view of the fact that he bears the name of the borough and is the son of the first Parliamentary representative thereof. Viscount Lewisham was, by the way, very popular at Oxford, where he was President of the Bullingdon Club and Master of the House Beagles.

* * *

Two Municipal Reformers

Lord Kerry and Lord Duncannon

The Earl of Kerry

Another L.C.C. candidate, is the heir of Lord Lansdowne. He spent most of his boyhood in Canada and India, and won the M.V.O. and D.S.O. during the South African War

are two more aristocratic and would-be Councillors. Lord Duncannon has lately earned a certain fame as an amateur actor—Chatsworth being the scene of his triumphs—but he is, perhaps, best known as the bearer of a title which his father, now the Earl of Bessborough, made famous in City circles. Lord Duncannon himself, however, has his fair share of the Ponsonby brains. He is standing for Marylebone East, is a member of the Bar, and contested unsuccessfully the Carmarthen Boroughs at the recent General Election. Lord Kerry, who is Lord Lansdowne's heir, lived as a boy in Canada and India during his father's terms of Viceroyalty in those countries. As a soldier in South Africa he won the M.V.O. and the D.S.O., and he is also a Knight Commander of the Order of Charles III. of Spain. His pretty little wife always interests herself greatly in the forthcoming Irish Industries Sale, to which the King and Queen have given their patronage, and which is this year to be held at the Ritz.

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More Candidates

Another candidate who saw hard service during the Boer War is Lord Alexander Thynne. Thirty-three years old and a bachelor, Lord Alexander is a brother of the Marquis of Bath and the Countess of Cromer, and was defeated as Conservative candidate for Bath in the last election. The late President of the Oxford Union, the Hon. H. Lygon, half-brother of Lord Beauchamp, is one of the candidates for Holborn; Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck, half-brother of the Duke of Portland, about the only really experienced Parliamentarian of the lot, with the exception perhaps of Lord Elcho, is standing for the Western Division of Marylebone; and the Hon. Fitzroy Hemphill, son of the former Solicitor-General for Ireland, is standing again, his pet subject being trams. Lord Iveagh's two sons, the Hon. Walter and the Hon. Rupert Guinness, are putting up, both, of course, as Municipal Reformers. Mr. Rupert Guinness, lately much

Photo *Lafayette*

The Hon. Rupert Guinness

One of the Municipal Reform candidates for Haggerston. A son of Lord Iveagh, he has lately been much to the fore, as he is in command of the London Division of the Royal Naval Volunteers

to the fore in connection with his command of the London division of the Royal Naval Volunteers, is a first-class oar. He is, in fact, athlete turned politician. He won the Diamond Sculls at Henley in 1895, and again in 1896, in which year he also captured the Wingfield Sculls, and "with" him in Haggerston is the Hon. Gilbert Johnstone, the son of Lord Derwent. The Hon. Walter Guinness, Lord Iveagh's youngest son, is only twenty-six years of age, but he has been married for some four years to a daughter of the Earl of Buchan.

Photo *Lafayette*

Lord Duncannon

Who is standing for Marylebone East in the forthcoming L.C.C. elections. He is a member of the Bar, and unsuccessfully contested the Carmarthen Boroughs at the last election

King Leopold and the Congo Atrocities

An Every-day Picture

On the page opposite are two photographs which have lately reached us from the Congo. To the first of these we would specially direct the reader's attention, even at the risk of harrowing his feelings. Lifeless, on the ground, lies the body of a native. Bending over him, in an attitude of horror, is a mourning female relative. The picture is by no means unique. On the contrary, it represents an episode of common occurrence in the Congo Free State. The man—an old chief—has been sought out in his village and done to death by soldiers of the Free State, the reason of his execution being his failure to deliver, in person, to King Leopold's collectors his enforced quantum of rubber. To secure rubber for the private benefit of his amorous, but business-like Belgian Majesty is the primary object of the existence of a Congo native. Rubber, of course, is in greatly increasing demand in Europe nowadays, thanks largely to the motor industry, and King Leopold is, practically, Europe's "boss" in this trade. During the last fifteen years, the traffic has yielded him a profit of just under five millions.

Methods of Barbarism

The barbarities that have been committed on natives who have failed in their sacred duty of providing rubber for King Leopold make those of Abdul Hamid II. seem, by comparison, mere amiable mannerisms. To be shot dead (as was the chief in our photograph) for failure to bring rubber is, if anything, rather a humane punishment, which has been the fate, perhaps fortunate, of thousands of men, women, and children in the last few years. Quite a usual way of punishing a native for inadequate rubber supply is to cut off his hand or foot, the detached members being borne by the mutilators to the Commissioner in proof of zeal in the discharge of their duty. Sentries sent forth to collect rubber must either bring in the produce itself, or the severed hands, or, perhaps, feet, of the refractory natives. The more of these a soldier brings in, the shorter his service. Severed human hands are coin of the realm in the Congo—they are the shekels of His Majesty Leopold II.

Whipped While the White Man Drinks

Then there is the *chicotte*—the half-inch square hippopotamus-hide whip. The "free" natives bring in their baskets of rubber. As each man comes forward, his basket is weighed. If it turns the scale (6¾ lb.), he is paid a small price; if not, he is stood aside. Afterwards, and in the presence of a languid white officer, with a whisky and soda at his side, the *chicotte* is administered. One by one, the flesh of the natives is ripped open with the instrument, and bleeding, staggering forms of the victims are carried back to their villages. Nor do women and children escape. Outrages on women and girls are constant. Little children have, again and again, been put to death by having their heads dashed against tree stumps. That the King himself orders barbarities to be committed in his Royal name, of course, is not to be said. Your modern Nero rarely, or never, persecutes in person. All King Leopold says, in effect, is the word "Rubber." All his Governor-General at Boma says is "Rubber." The District Commissioners, collectors, officers, and other white officials re-echo "Rubber. Rubber—get rubber—bloodlessly, if you can, but get rubber."

Can Other Nations Throw Stones?

That the world should, at the moment, be engaged in abusing His Majesty may be regarded by him as just the world's impertinence and a piece of gross meddling in the private concerns of another. Is not the Congo, with its million square miles, its twenty million of inhabitants, the sacred property of the King himself? As to the charges of oppressing natives, which, he might safely ask, among the European Powers can cast the first stone? Who has *not*, at some time or other, slaughtered niggers in the spread of "civilisation" and "trade"? What European Power—Britain, France, Germany, Portugal, Italy—but has not, at some time or another, resorted to some such methods? Is it not the pot calling the kettle black; is not he (Leopold) abused simply because, as a kingdom, Belgium is small.

Yes! and the Reason Why

But this is an argument only likely to appeal to the short-memoried among us. Unfortunately, some of us (including the members of the Government) happen to remember the terms on which King Leopold gained his control over the Congo. We recall how the International African Association, under his ægis, applied to the world, in 1884, to be allowed to govern the native States on the Congo, "on the principles of law recognised by civilised nations," and upon "philanthropic principles." Its aim was to "civilise Africa by encouragement given to legitimate trade!" The natives of the Congo were to be "enriched," etc., etc. It was to supersede the "slave trade" of the Arabs—that was the object of good, kind paternal Leopold, and upon this he gained the consent of the British Government. Only by specific undertakings as to the good treatment of the natives and freedom of commerce did he gain the consent of Britain for his "Association." If, therefore, we are constrained to associate ourselves with our louder-voiced contemporaries in a demand for wholesale and drastic measures to put an end to this state of things, it is not only because we consider the position in the Congo to be a disgrace to civilisation, and a danger to the good name of the white race and its religion throughout Africa, but also because we regard King Leopold as a hypocrite on an elaborate scale—the perpetrator of the most shameful political hoax ever imposed on humanity. Is Britain going to stand by and permit for much longer this diabolical series of cold-blooded murders, while the man—a King of a "friendly Power," mark you—responsible for the evil is revelling with his mistresses? England should move, and quickly; but only public opinion can bring about a change.

Rubber Rule in Africa

"METHODS OF BARBARISM"—A PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF

Photographic proof of barbarities in the Congo

The corpse is that of an old chief, who had been deliberately shot dead by the native sentries of the Congo Government because he had not delivered, in person, the quantum of rubber (6¾ lb.) demanded from every native on pain of barbarous punishment. The woman weeping over his body is his sister. The three white women looking on are European missionaries

King Leopold of the Belgians

In whose interest the barbarities are committed

On the Congo Railway

Second-class carriages on the Congo Railway, by which missionaries travel—taken at Leopoldsville, Stanley Pool. The official in white, standing, is Mr. Stannard, now detained in the country

Tom Browne in America (II.)

"THE STRENUOUS LIFE": AS SEEN AT A DOWNTOWN QUICK-LUNCH COUNTER

BY TOM BROWNE

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

"Adrienne Lecouvreur"

I am bubbling over with a joke. I had intended to keep it as a *bonne bouche* for the end of the notice. But it must out. I hug myself that the incident I am about to relate happened to me, and not to another in the audience. To commence with the moral of the tale. A little knowledge of French is a dangerous thing. *Figurez-vous* a little old lady, my neighbour in the stalls. She is a spinster. She wears a lace affair upon her grey hair, pince-nez upon her aristocratic nose, weird ornaments of jet about her person. She is up in Town for a week, and when she has done the round of the theatres, will return—to Cranford. She is absorbed in the play. Every now and again she masters a simple sentence, and her face lights up. Then arrives this situation. Adrienne Lecouvreur, with the rest of the Comédie Française, is asked out to supper by the Prince de Bouillon. She does not wish to go. "I have no cavalier," she objects. "But there is M. Michonnet," says her host. This Michonnet is an old actor who fills the office of *régisseur*, a kind of stage manager. It is the desire of his life to become a *sociétaire*. He is devoted to Adrienne, and regards her as a divinity. She reciprocates his affection, calls him her oldest and dearest friend, and to the Prince, who has the power of making a *sociétaire*, speaks in the highest terms of the assistance she has obtained in her art from Michonnet. Adrienne finally consents to go to the supper. The old fellow is delighted at the prospect of accompanying her. "*Ah!*" he says, "*Passer la soirée avec elle.*" "Dear, dear," mutters the old lady at my side; "these French plays!"

Photo] **Mr. Lionel Brough** [*Burford*
The veteran actor, who is now lying seriously ill

A Death-Scene Play

Adrienne Lecouvreur is the type of play which will always be included in the *répertoire* of leading French actresses. It is a one-woman play with a fine death scene. Needless to remark, it is one of Sarah Bernhardt's great rôles. Her dying Adrienne is as well-known to the public as her dying *Dame Aux Camélias*, though for grace and pathos upon the death-bed her *St. Thérèse*, which I witnessed recently in Paris, ranks above them all. In Catulle Mendès' play the divine Sarah is seen lying on a great bed in the centre of the stage, her nun's robes artistically draped about her. There is a look of holy calm upon her face, and death with kindly finger has smoothed the creases in her brow. The only signs of life are the light which shines in her eyes, and the faint movement of the lips. For the rest she is white, immobile, and extraordinarily youthful.

Mme. Jane Hading, too, knows how to die. Her "*Je ne veux pas mourir*" haunts one, as it is meant to do.

French School v. English No-School

This season of French plays in England has produced the usual crop of comparisons between the French players and the English, to the detriment of the latter. The great feature of the French school is the polish which it gives to all performers, great and little. In a French company you rarely find a bad actor. Even those actors are passable who are possessed of but few talents for the profession. They may lack presence, voice, imagination, even the mimetic power. But their training has the effect of making up for, or rather concealing, their deficiencies. On the other hand, the great French school, the Comédie Française, is apt to act too much after the fashion of a mould. It turns out hosts of actors upon the same model. There is the impress of the school upon their inflections, their gestures, their every movement. The haphazard training of English actors has at least this advantage, that it gives perfect freedom for the development of the individual. The French actors are wrapped in swaddling clothes and carefully sheltered from the possibilities of falling into evil habits. The English actors are chucked into the world of the stage to run the gauntlet of all dangers. They make bad mistakes; they wander into paths which lead to perdition. But the best of them—those who rise to the top of the tree—"find themselves." One can even say of their retrogressions that it is a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*.

When the French are Superior

Mme. Jane Hading's company afford striking examples of the virtues and the vices of the French school. There is a terrible type of small-part

performer known to English audiences—the dashing, well-dressed, self-conscious, beautiful English maiden, who, when her cue comes, steps out of the "crowd," and, with the half flapping movements of a sea-gull trying to fly with a clipped wing, gabbles off her few lines in such wise, that for all the enlightenment they bring to the audience her part might be written in double-dutch. Note the difference between this actress and her French sister on the same plane.

La Baronne and La Marquise in Mme. Hading's company have but a few lines to speak, yet these few lines are delivered with such finish that one feels the speakers could at once take up the two most important rôles in the play.

Photo *Haselder*

Mr. Herbert Haines

The composer of *My Darling*, the new piece which is to be produced by Mr. Seymour Hicks on Saturday next

Again, the Abbé of M. Bary lacks dignity. The actor fails to get his personality across the footlights. Yet so perfectly trained is he that he is as much in the general picture as the rest of the players.

There is the other side of the medal. In Mme. Hading's company the players bring such a sameness of treatment and of method to their rôles that the general effect is one of monotony. Does a speech occasion surprise? Then, instinctively, one knows into what posture the actress will throw herself. The same may be said of all the emotions—joy, anger, disdain. Those who clamour for an English school of acting should be constant in their attendance at the New Royalty Theatre. The English system of dragging up rather than bringing up actors has been abused so often and so roundly that it is well to note the weak points in the French school, which is constantly being held up as a model of all that it should be.

Mme. Jane Hading is by now a great favourite in England. To qualify her with an adjective: she is noble. She has a queenly carriage and poise of the head. Her profile is beautiful, her eyes arresting. She can suggest a woman upon whom suffering has laid a mark, not of defacement, but of purification.

E. C. S.

THE TIVOLI

When I read the explanatory leaflet which heralded the *début* of "Sèr Phárah" at the Tivoli last week, I made up my mind that I was going to see a spectacle of which the puritanically minded would, probably, not wholly approve, and one which might possibly (though not necessarily on that account) prove entertaining. And I comforted myself with the reflection that I was not puritanically minded. But, as a matter of fact, my presage was more than half wrong. I am not prepared to say that the performance was beyond cavil. Looked upon as what it purported to represent—a religious ceremony—I am willing to concede that it was; but it is not easy to take that point of view at a music-hall. However, the question whether, as a mere show, it was or was not unexceptionable need not concern me, for, whatever it was, it was not entertaining. In fact, it struck me as distinctly dull, and (without going into particulars), I could see very little grace, rhythm, or variety in the movements and poses of the fair performer. When the exhibition was over I simply found myself hoping that the next turn would prove more amusing. But with the evening's entertainment, as a whole, I was well satisfied. The two sketches, *The Spider and the Fly*, and *327, Finsbury*, were both well done. In the first Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald was quite funny as the staid young curate who gradually succumbs to the fascinations of a fair damsel who is quite the reverse of staid, and in the second Mr. Arthur Playfair, as the hard-hit bookmaker who extricates himself from his difficulties by successfully proposing a racing and matrimonial partnership to the fair widow who (unbeknown to herself) is his principal creditor, made a palpable hit. We had, of course, the inevitable "Zuyder Zee," but it was well sung by Miss Annie Purcell, whose other song—in which she appeared as a Welsh milkmaid—also went down. Miss Madge Lessing gave us a Dutch song and sabot dance, assisted by a chorus of Dutch girls and the customary little Dutch boys; but I liked her first song and dance, "Snowland," the better of the two. Miss Mattie McNicoll, a taking young person in a Highland kilt, sang "Annie Laurie" and another Scotch song with taste; and I was not a little charmed with Miss Alice Hollander's fine contralto voice. Mr. Tom Clare's turn at the piano—of the drawing-room entertainment type—was a good one, though it contained nothing startlingly original. I fancy I have heard "Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins" in French somewhere before, and also how a popular rag-time tune can be made to obtrude itself upon such classical airs as Mendelssohn's Wedding March and "The Lost Chord," but Mr. Clare has a sense of humour which he manages to communicate to his fingers, and his skit on the typical "coon" song was clever. The "Military Display Act" of the Romsakoff troupe consisted of a series of evolutions performed by a squad of young ladies dressed (presumably) as Russian soldiers, and led by an extremely agile officer of the male sex. When they got tired of marching, countermarching, wheeling, etc., they broke out into dancing in a manner that would have flabbergasted an English drill sergeant, but the officer didn't seem to mind; in fact, he joined in, and treated them to a very clever *pas seul*. The turn was well received as being something out of the common.

H. S. S.

"Adrienne Lecouvreur" at the New Royalty

A Striking Scene in a French Play

Adrienne Lecouvreur (Mme. Jane Hading) recites a passage from "Phédre" at her hated rival, La Princesse de Bouillon

SKETCHED AT THE THEATRE BY CHAS. R. SYKES

CONTINENTAL CHAT

A Life of Intrigue

It was on her way to Mentone that Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg died last week, in her ninetieth year. Few figures in French history are more interesting than this wonderful old lady, the last of all the children of the citizen King, Louis Philippe. She had, it is said, more intelligence, determination, energy, and diplomatic capacity, than all her brothers put together—that group of Bourbons who adorn the walls of the Versailles Palace, and whom she now will join to form a page of the past. From the time she lived with her father, after his escape to England, her life of intrigue began, and right up to the time of her death she hoped to see her great-nephew established on the throne of France. With her death Orleanism has received a terrible blow, for she was the most worthy of all the exiles in Europe. She was by no means a favourite. Her handsome face reminded one of the Empress Eugénie, with perhaps more harshness and determination. Most of the European monarchs were afraid of her—there was no telling to what trickery she would not descend to serve her own ends. England was thankful when she married the Prince Augustus of Coburg and left for Austria, where State affairs kept her pretty busy. She managed to secure the Crown of Bulgaria for her favourite son, Ferdinand—at least, let us hope he is now secure after all his mother's efforts. But with the others she has not been so successful. With an eye on the millions of her nephew, King Leopold, she insisted on her son marrying the Princess Louise, and everyone knows the sad issue of this union. She married her second son, Augustus, to a Brazilian Princess, and they were exiled shortly afterwards. Responsible also she was for many of the woes that befel the exiled Queen of Naples, Marie-Sophie; and another of her *protégées*, Marie-Dorothée, Archduchess of Austria, whom she married to her step-nephew, Louis Philippe, is so unhappy that day by day she lives in the hope of obtaining a divorce. And now the life of this clever Princess is over—a Princess whom a well-known statesman described as "the bogey of the Austrian Emperor, the nightmare of Russia, and the sleeping-draught of Bismarck."

Photo *Pietzner*

The Late Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg

Who died last week at Vienna. She was the last surviving child of the Citizen King, Louis Philippe. Since her early womanhood her life was one of intrigue, and she was described as "the bogey of the Austrian Emperor, the nightmare of Russia, and the sleeping-draught of Bismarck"

The Nice Carnival

King Carnival has been having his short but merry reign in Nice. If his fêtes have not been quite so brilliant as has been the case in some former years, the participants therein could not complain of lack of excitement and jollity. The merry crowd of masqueraders once again became irresponsible children. As the confetti passes from one person to another, their gaiety soon changes to a feverish delirium, and I have seen ladies whose names will be found in the peerage behaving in a public tea-room like a lot of unruly children in an elephant-house. And why not? One's identity is safe owing to the mask, and it is in this ability to lay aside for a short time one's personality and the hampering rules and regulations of every-day life that the charm of King Carnival's reign exists.

* * *

Sarah Bernhardt's Professorship

Sarah Bernhardt is jubilant! At last she is on the road to obtain her Cross, the long-coveted Cross of the *Legion d'Honneur*. For some time now the subject has been discussed in the Press, and Sarah's friends (for she has many) have never lost an opportunity of showing their displeasure at what they consider her unjust treatment. Why should debt and probable bankruptcy be brought forward to face the fact that Sarah is the greatest dramatic artist in the world? Whatever her private life may be, the services she has rendered to the French language throughout the world deserve some tangible recognition from her Government. Some of her admirers even go so far as to declare it is the duty of France to keep her out of debt; but this is surely overstepping the bounds of reason. Could any Government be expected to hold themselves responsible for the luxurious habits of a mother's spoilt son—the fashionable and indolent Maurice Bernhardt? Now, after the "Divine Sarah" has several times had the mortification of witnessing the decoration of those she may rightly consider her "underlings" in the profession, she has this week been unanimously elected Elocution Professor at the Paris Conservatoire.

The Cross, of course, must follow this, unless she

refuses to accept it. There is no telling what the Divine Sarah may or may not do. At present, she is overwhelmed with letters of congratulation, and worried to death by journalists soliciting interviews. One of them expressed the wish that "the hump would soon give place to the Cross"; but since when, *mon cher confrère*, have French decorations been worn on the back? Personally, I had hoped to congratulate Mme. Bernhardt at a luncheon-party to which we both were invited. But the fates were against us! In a charmingly worded two-paged telegram, our Sarah told us that influenza prevented her from shedding the light of her countenance amongst us. "As a consolation," she added, "I am treating myself to large quantities of my favourite dish—fried onions!"

Protecting King Carnival: The escort of giants marching backwards at Nice

* * *

A Theatrical "Entente"

But talking of things theatrical, in this little world the *Entente Cordiale* seems determined to show itself an established reality. In Paris, English plays are greatly appreciated, and London, even, has its own French theatre. M. Antoine, after all his labour, expense, and disappointment with *Julius Cæsar*, has again selected, if not an English play, at least an English subject — Chatterton, the young English genius who preferred to starve rather than beg, and whose life de Vigny has immortalised. Up till the other evening, the play was having the greatest success, when the heroine, Kitty Bell, suddenly took it into her head, for some reason which will probably be disclosed at her trial, to throw herself into the Seine. How unpoetical! Fancy committing suicide on a cold February night, and in the pouring rain, too! And then to be dragged out half dead by a group of fishermen!

Mr. Frohman, I hear, is about to try a new venture. He has just been to Paris to see about the translation into English verse of Miguel Zamacois' successful comedy, *Les Bouffons*. This is to be ready in about six weeks' time, and Mr. J. N. Raphael ("Percival" of *Referee* fame) has been entrusted with the delicate mission of putting it into English garb.

* * *

Bulow's Roman Residence

The Queen of Italy gave a big tea-party in Rome on February 13, probably the last that she will give before Easter. Amongst those present were the two most popular Roman hostesses, Lady Egerton, wife of the British Ambassador, and Mme. Barrère, wife of the French Ambassador. Six of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting were present, the best known of whom is the Principessa di Teano, the intrepid balloonist, who has an English grandmother. Contessa Zaccaria, Contessa Cammarata, and Marchese di San Guiliano, all well-known Roman hostesses, were also present.

Prince von Bülow has recently purchased a magnificent residence in Rome, for which he paid the owner, Queen Margherita, £200,000. Villa Malta passed from the hands of Louis I. of Bavaria to a Prussian millionaire, who spent a great deal of his fortune on art treasures, china, Gobelin tapestry, and the care of the lovely gardens which wind down from the slopes of the Pincian to the sea. The halls, dining-room, and staircases are marble. For many years the German Chancellor has wished to retire from public life, and not so very long ago he told a friend in confidence, "he was only waiting to find someone worthy to take his place." He always promised the Princess (who is still a beautiful Italian) that she should one day return to live in the land from which they had eloped together when he was a young diplomatist in the service of her father.

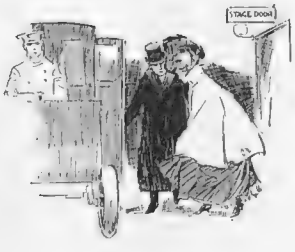
Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Carnival at Nice: The car containing King Carnival and his wife on their honeymoon. ("The Bystander" was present, as usual—on the left)

In this weekly series of drawings, the artist, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, illustrates the career of the Gilded Youth of to-day, depicting in each picture

THE MODERN R

SCENE THE FOURTH



(*The Sequel*)

The Gilded Youth pays a little visit b

AKE'S PROGRESS

one of the phases through which he passes on his progress through life—a "road to ruin" very different from that of his Hogarthian predecessor two centuries before

hind the scenes of the Frivolity Theatre

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORY—No. 63.

THE LUCK OF LADY CONSTANCE

By NOEL JOCELYN

WHEN people happened to mention success to Jim Delane, the genial old money-lender straightway began to talk of his wife. In the opinion of Delane, his marriage was the most successful achievement of his career. He was a man who grieved over five pounds foolishly expended, and did not grudge five thousand if he had a return in entertainment. "Fun for the money" was his motto, and his wife delighted him at every turn by her manner of conforming to the spirit and practice of it. So great was her genius for spending money that she was one among the happy little band of wives for whom their husbands sign cheques with a chuckle.

One day Mrs. Delane announced to her husband her intention of building a new wing to "The Hospice for Lady Neurotics." This was a pretty Elizabethan manor near Dorking, where feminine members of Society repaired to recover from the ravages of the season. At "The Hospice" people paid fabulous terms for Simple Life treatment, which they could have followed in their own country houses without additional expense. But the fame of "The Hospice" grew with every patient who emerged after rest and reasonable diet with fresh cheeks and sparkling eyes.

Jim Delane's shrewd eyes twinkled as he waited for his wife to unfold her plans.

"I'm going to give a masquerade here, and issue tickets, strictly limited to a thousand, at five guineas each."

"But why not at the Empress Rooms or somewhere. It saves trouble."

"Because, my dear man, it will please me to have a thousand people envying me the possession of a house which, for statuary, pictures, and *objets d'art* of all sorts, is one of the most beautiful in Town. People will just tumble over themselves for those tickets."

"I don't see why they should," said her husband, doubtfully. "A masquerade in England resolves itself merely into a fancy dress ball, and they're rather played out. People are too lazy to dress up."

Mrs. Delane smiled. "So they may be; so I am going to give them an incentive in the form of a 500-guinea prize for the best costume. It's not often people get a chance of pulling off a 100 to 1 chance. They'll plank down their five guineas right enough."

Jim Delane scented fun in the affair, and at once gave his wife *carte blanche* for the *mise-en-scène*—band, flowers, supper, etc. Of course, the whole sum derived from the sale of tickets was to go to the Hospice without any deductions for expenses.

The Press took up Mrs. Delane's masquerade in most kindly fashion. The ladies' papers were full of dress "anticipations." Preliminary paragraphs appeared to the effect that some of the dresses would be daring in the extreme. The *enfant terrible* of Society, Lady Constance Dickson, announced that she was going as Romeo in doublet and hose. Lady Constance had a figure which would make a Gaiety Show-girl feel dissatisfied with herself. In the cause of charity she had shown it in very diaphanous costumes, but doublet and hose meant under-dressing all previous efforts.

As her scheme developed Mrs. Delane evolved a very artful condition to the competition for the 500-guinea prize. She announced that character-acting rather than character-dressing would be considered in awarding the prize. As she said to her friends, it always gave her such a shock at a fancy dress ball when Sir Charles Grandison trod on her toes and did not apologise.

After some consideration, Mrs. Delane appointed as judge in the competition Cartwright the novelist, who, late in life, had suddenly exhibited a positive genius for stage management. He had successfully adapted three of his own novels for the stage, and for the last one had chosen his own cast.

There only remained the choice of the prize itself. Mrs. Delane consulted all her friends, and had rejected all their suggestions, from motor-cars to model cottages. In despair she turned to her husband.

"Look here, Jim, what on earth prize are we to give?"

"Prize! A 500-guinea cheque, of course."

Mrs. Delane stared at her husband in amazement.

"A cheque!" she gasped. "Money?"

"Why not? Don't they all want it?"

"Yes, but their feelings might——"

"Look here, Amy, do you want this masquerade tomfoolery to be a go?"

"If it isn't I shall retire to the Hospice myself instead of building them a new wing."

"Well, then, take my advice and announce in the boldest type that the first prize in the competition will be a cheque for 500 guineas, and every man Jack and woman Jill of them will come to the masquerade in the hope of squaring their bridge debts."

"My dear Jim, you're a genius," said Mrs. Delane, kissing his bald head.

"Haven't I made money?" said the old man simply.

Delane proved a true prophet. If anything were needed to clinch the success of the masquerade, the announcement of the great money prize did it. The tickets, originally handed over to a small and very select committee to be sold, were snapped up in two days. The Delane masquerade was going to be one of the big functions of the season.

On the night of the masquerade a great crowd

(*Continued on page 446*)

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

En Famille

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

The latest photograph of Miss Ellaline Terriss (Mrs. Seymour Hicks), her adopted daughter, Miss Mabel Seymour Hicks, and Miss Betty Hicks, her only child

(*Continued from page 441*)

gathered in front of the Delane's big Town house in Grosvenor Crescent to watch the arrivals. In their eagerness, they pressed and surged round the poles which supported the awning until a way had to be cleared for the masqueraders by a squad of policemen.

Put into a good humour by the excellence of the free entertainment, the crowd indulged in good-natured banter with the guests. To their delight, many of the masqueraders, anxious to rehearse their character-acting, answered in kind. Mephistopheles paused on the scarlet carpet, and, striking an attitude, saluted the assembly with fearful imprecations. Dick Turpin held them up and demanded their purses. "Mr. Tree," with one hand on hip and the other stretched out in gesticulation, stalked with a sideway motion up the steps, muttering to himself in a strong guttural. To the delight of the impersonator, he was saluted with cries of "Wot oh, 'Erbert!" The carnival spirit reigned over all. The feminine masqueraders were hailed with frantic demonstrations of affection by the delighted populace. When Lady Constance stepped out of her electric landaulette, her pretty limbs only partially concealed by a cloak, there was a positive uproar. At first the crowd could make nothing of her character, but her beauty and the dainty manner in which she tripped along the covered way produced cat-calls.

"'Oo is she supposed to be?" yelled a voice.

"Pantomime Boy, fat 'ead," came the response.

The rest of the dialogue was drowned, as the crowd took up the lilting refrain of "Zuyder Zee."

Romeo arrived in the hall well satisfied with "his" entrance. The hall was packed with people, and Lady Constance, who had set her heart on winning the money, of which she was greatly in need, scanned her rivals with an anxious eye.

She had just finished signing her name and character in the book, when a deafening roar broke from the crowd outside. Her heart sank. "What a reception!" she said to herself; "bigger than mine." The noise outside was only comparable with that of rioters storming the house. The guests about to enter turned to see who had arrived. There was a regular jam of people in the doorway. Lady Constance, in her eagerness to see the new favourite, turned back to the entrance. She caught sight of a man she knew just coming in. "Who on earth is it?" she asked.

"Haven't an idea. Whoever he is, he's an artist. Bill Sikes in a mask and brandishing a jemmy; I never saw such a villain."

The crowd outside was beside itself with delight. "Police!" they shouted. "Bring the bracelets!" "Run 'im into quod." At last the man appeared in the hall, and as she gazed at him Lady Constance's heart sank.

He was dressed in a coarse fustian jacket, corduroys, and felt slippers. The mask concealing eyes and nose accentuated rather than hid the villainy of his countenance, the close-cropped bullet-head, the receding forehead, the coarse, cruel lips. The grease paint seen in the shadows round the mouth had been laid on with a master hand. Lady Constance could hardly take her eyes off him. As he produced his invitation card she caught sight of his hands. They were rough-skinned, powerful, and dirty. The nails were black. He had made up his hands! Bill Sikes—his character needed no explanation—was acclaimed wherever he went. He speedily became a favourite in the 500-guinea competition.

Lady Constance, on her side, had many supporters. Most of the men voted solid for her. "She looks too sweet for words" was the general verdict. Nor did she fail in her acting. Never was there such a gallant. Lady Constance, always full of ideas, electrified the people by a *coup de théâtre*, which she arranged with a friend of hers dressed as Juliet.

The latter stationed herself upon the raised platform during an interval, when the members of the band were refreshing themselves. Suddenly Romeo launched forth into the most impassioned speech in the balcony scene.

Many bets had been made upon the competition for the 500-guinea cheque. When Lady Constance had finished her speech and the applause had died away, odds against Sikes lengthened several points.

But Sikes had not been idle. His acting was declared to be worthy of his marvellous make-up. Admiration for his talent grew unbounded when it was discovered that in his rôle of housebreaker he had adopted a common voice and a wealth of slang expression which an authority pronounced to be genuine thieves' dialect. It would seem as though he had forgotten no touch which would give expression to his character. A feminine masquerader went so far as to say that his breath reeked of spirits.

The success of Sikes was enhanced, if anything, by the mystery surrounding his identity. The wildest conjectures were made. Finally, one was accepted which sounded plausible enough to be true. He was a young actor at one of the West-End theatres. This explained his wonderful make-up, his histrionic powers, and the fact that no one appeared to know him.

"Who's your burglar friend?" Delane asked his wife, during the evening.

"I haven't the faintest notion. I don't know half the people here, and, so far, I haven't stumbled on the man who brought him. Whoever he is, he looks like winning your cheque."

For the judging, the procedure at Covent Garden fancy dress balls was faithfully copied. The spectators were roped off to allow of a grand March Past of the Competitors for the big money prize. Upon the platform, at a table, were seated Mr. and Mrs. Delane and Cartwright. The competitors, upon reaching the platform, bowed to the judge and stopped until he gave them the signal to pass on.

The excitement grew intense when the stewards had completed their preparations for the March Past. The laughing, jostling crowd of masqueraders surged up against the ropes as the competitors, who numbered quite half the assembly, fell into line. Then the fun began. The competitors were saluted with a fire of comments as hearty, if less pointed, than those they had been subjected to on their arrival by the sightseers in the streets.

Those who were seriously in the running for the prize seemed to appreciate the value of a late appearance. They artfully kept in the background.

Halfway through the judging, the spectators

(*Continued on page 448*)

Mr. Huntley Wright's Latest Rôle

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Huntley Wright, who is now playing the part of St. Amour at Daly's Theatre

The advent of Mr. Huntley Wright, in the part of St. Amour, the Prefect of Police, in *The Lady Dandies*, late *Les Merveilleuses*, with his humour and sprightly songs, has lent a new lease of life to the piece

(*Continued from page 446*)

exhibited impatience for the appearance of the "stars."

"Now then, Romeo."

"Now then, Sikes."

The people were calling for their favourites. Lady Constance had determined to reverse for the nonce the motto, "*Place aux dames.*" To her annoyance, she could not see Sikes anywhere. The burglar was evidently playing the same game as herself. The shouts grew more insistent. She was spotted by the crowd, and willy-nilly was pushed into the line. Her reception was most favourable. "Wherefore art thou Romeo?" cried the guests, indulging in the only quotation they could call to mind.

When Lady Constance had passed the judgment-seat, cries were taken up for Sikes. The fellow had evidently determined to be among the rear-guard.

"Sikes! Sikes!" they called.

"He's probably upstairs collaring some swag," said a wit, and the laughter at this sally was universal.

The tail end of the procession was already on the march. Still no Sikes. His backers commenced to grow uneasy. Scouts were sent over the house to rout him out. He was nowhere to be found. The judging proceeded. Anxious eyes were cast on the doors leading to the ball-room. The line of competitors still to be judged barely stretched the length of the room when Cartwright rose to his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the conditions of this competition were most clearly set forth by our gracious hostess, Mrs. Delane, in the printed rules on the back of the programme. If you will kindly turn to those rules, you will find that a masquerader who neglects to take part in the March Past forfeits his claim to the prize. I am constrained to draw your attention to this point, because my astounded ears are assailed by cries for one who is generally regarded as the natural enemy of Society."

Laughter and applause greeted the speech. Sikes's backers cursed him for a fool, but they recognised the justice of Cartwright's remarks. Lady Constance clenched her hands. She laughed and joked with the people around her, and not a muscle of her face betrayed the excitement she underwent as the line of competitors passed slowly—O, much too slowly—up to the platform.

In dead silence the last masquerader bowed to the judge.

Sikes was disqualified! The pent-up feeling of the crowd burst in a babel of conjecture. What on earth had become of the fellow?

Mr. and Mrs. Delane and Cartwright vacated the platform, and the band again took possession. There were to be three more dances before the judge announced his decision. The band struck up a valse, but no strains of music could break up the little groups of people all eagerly discussing the mystery of Sikes's disappearance.

"It's a pretty rum go," said one. "Silly Juggins," said another. "He'd have won the five hundred hands down."

"What about the bets?" returned a third.

"We stand to lose, of course," said Sikes's backers. But the takers were no less generous.

"Not a bit of it. S.P. betting, and your horse didn't run. There's no argument about it."

"We'll refer the matter to Cartwright," said the backers.

"That's fair enough," said those not concerned.

Delane found himself besieged with inquiries. He had long come to the conclusion that to confess his ignorance of the burglar's identity would reflect upon his wife's position as a hostess. So he had gone about and smiled mysteriously when the question of Sikes's identity cropped up.

The disappearance of Sikes was a development which he had not looked for. He was parrying questions to the best of his ability, when Cartwright, with a genial smile, sauntered up to the group surrounding him.

"If you could spare me a moment," he said, addressing Delane.

There was a chorus of exclamations.

"Who's got the prize? Where's Sikes?"

"All in good time," said Cartwright, imperturbably, as he strolled away with his host. Directly they were out of earshot, Cartwright said, quietly, "I can't explain here, but please lead the way to your wife's bedroom. I've got a little surprise for you."

"About the prize? By the way, I suppose I may know the winner?"

"Of course. Lady Constance Dickson, she's by far the best actress of the lot."

"I think you're right. And if I know anything," chuckled the old man, "the money 'll be a godsend to her."

When the two men reached the door of Mrs. Delane's bedroom, Cartwright stepped forward.

"Allow me," he said, and tapped softly on the door with his nails.

The door was instantly unlocked from within. Directly they were admitted the door was shut and locked again.

Delane gazed in bewilderment at the occupants of his wife's bedroom. There were three policemen, two waiters, and a grey-haired man of military appearance, dressed in a well-cut blue suit.

The central figure of this strange group was Bill Sikes. He was seated in an arm-chair, with his two arms resting on his knees.

"What the deuce!" gasped Delane, as he saw that his guest was handcuffed.

The captured man broke into a hoarse laugh.

"Come to present me wiv the five 'undred?" he asked. "I knocked 'em, no bloomin' error."

"Now then, Billy, behave yourself," said the military-looking man. He stepped forward and addressed Delane.

"I'm Detective-Inspector Druce, of Scotland Yard. Rather a disagreeable business, Mr. Delane, but fortunately we have been able to prevent a robbery. Your guest here is known to us as 'Billy Carats,' otherwise William Harrison. He is one of the cleverest jewel thieves in the business. He forged an invitation and came here in his own character of burglar, partly out of devilment—he has a great sense of humour has Billy, and would have loved to set the world laughing at the ingenious manner in which the burglary was planned. Partly, too, the character admitted the use of a mask."

(*Continued on page 450*)

From Winter Snow to Tropic Sun

A CONTRAST IN SOME OF OUR READERS' RECREATIONS

(Half a guinea is paid for each photograph published on this page of readers in out-of-the-way parts)

"Two's Company"

[illegible] A. C. TRENCH, Pennar Barracks, Pembroke [illegible], the sender, says: "This gentleman, who has come to grief while ski-ing at Montana Sur Sierre, Switzerland, finds THE BYSTANDER so interesting that he has forgotten to try to get up again"

A Wayside Halt

Sent by MRS. K. WATNEY, Beechwood, Leatherhead, Surrey, who says: "This photograph was taken at Vallorbe, in Switzerland. A party of us ski-ed there from Le Pont, but perhaps the one who went by train was the most fortunate, for she succeeded in getting hold of a copy of THE BYSTANDER, which we are here enjoying"

A Quiet Read after "Tiffin"

Sent by LIEUT. E. F. ROSS, 2nd Dorset Regiment, Cannanore, Malabar, South India, who says: "There is nothing like THE BYSTANDER after a good morning's sport, and a mixed bag of snipe and quail, followed by a good 'tiffin,' at Cannanore"

(Continued from page 448)

"Oh, stow the gab," growled the burglar, "you always was one to talk."

"Unfortunately for Billy," went on Druce, "an old friend of his, Detective-Serjeant Crane"—indicating one of the waiters—"happened to penetrate the disguise, and sent for me. The rest was easy. We knew Billy, in his prowl for jewels, would make for your wife's bedroom. Directly he put his nose in the door he was nabbed. We have done the business as quietly as possible, and there is no need for any of the guests to know what has occurred if you will kindly acquaint Mrs. Delane with what has happened. We will remain here till the guests have departed."

"The people will be clamouring to hear the announcement of the winner," said Delane to Cartwright. "We'd better be off. See you later, Mr. Druce."

As they moved to the door, which a policeman unlocked for them, Bill Sikes spoke up.

"Tell you what," he said, "now I'm out of the running, that pantomime boy ought to win the jimmy o' goblins. Gor blimey, wot a figure!"

NOEL JOCELYN.

A GOOD CATCH OF PIKE

Landing his catch

Pike must be caught when on the feed, or the best talent is wasted. The baiting, however, is a most important part of the operations. Experts may sometimes spend the whole day sedulously fishing in many well-stocked, private waters and catch nothing.

Four fine specimens

The largest of these pike is a seven pounder, but, of course, much larger fish, some even approaching 40 lb. in weight, may sometimes be caught. Winter pike-fishing is a very enjoyable sport, much more so than many anglers, who have not tried it, imagine

Photos J. T. Newman

Should Ladies Ride Astride?

Photo *Crawford McFall*

Two little horsewomen who think it not only enjoyable, but quite graceful

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

In the Cottesmore Country

For the truest sport, the straightest foxes, for perfection of country, for long runs and fast runs, commend me to the wild pastures of the Cottesmore. That was the opinion expressed a few decades ago by Captain Pennell Elmhirst, most pleasant of all modern hunting *littérateurs*, and the pæan of praise still voices very effectively the merits of a delightful fox-hunting area. Indeed, one may pause to ask whether the Cottesmore country is not more famous to-day than ever it was, for the majority of those who hunt with the pack from Oakham and Stamford do not remember finer sport than has been shown most consistently by Mr. Evan Hanbury and Arthur Thatcher. This *régime* comes to an end at the close of the present season, but the memory of many inspiriting gallops and altogether a most happy time will remain for many years with the Cottesmore followers, who foregathered in such tremendous force at the recent meet at Wymondham that Mr. Hanbury might well have taken it as a personal compliment from the members of the Hunt to himself. Certainly, the popular "Jumping Jock" has done full justice to his splendid pack and country during seven years in office, and Mrs. Hanbury has played no small part in making his Mastership successful on the social side.

The Earl of Lonsdale, the new Master of the Cottesmore Hounds

He has just accepted the Mastership in succession to Mr. E. Hanbury. This well-known sportsman is shown here with the Quorn Hounds, which he hunted very successfully from 1893 to 1898. Previously he was Master of the Woodland Pytchley from 1881 to 1885

Lord Lonsdale as M.F.H.

Well, all doubts as to the immediate future of the Cottesmore are now comfortably at rest. Lord Lonsdale takes over the duties for which, with the Quorn and Woodland Pytchley, he has proved himself to be so eminently well fitted. There is nothing of the lay figure about the newly elected M.F.H. No mere figure-head is this keen sportsman, who believes that the leader of an important pack of foxhounds must be something more than Master in name only. Lord Lonsdale has a way of coping with the flagrant offenders against the unwritten laws of the hunting-field that is singularly effective; and if there is one man who can check a too-impetuous field from over-riding his hounds, that man is the new Master of the Cottesmore. But given fair scenting conditions, there will be small chance of the Cottesmore field getting on to the backs of the hounds or seriously hampering the Hunt servants, for the pack which Mr. Hanbury hands over to his successor is composed of rare fliers, while the superb way in which Lord Lonsdale mounts his staff is proverbial, so they will want some beating when hounds are running. Masters, huntsman, whippers-in—all will be new with the Cottesmore next season, and the outlook for the Oakham folk is exceedingly bright. The Lowthers have always been closely associated with the pack, whose reputation is not likely to suffer in the hands of the present head of the family. Cottesmore Masters and huntsmen have taken a prominent place in the history of fox-hunting, though years ago one of the professionals became famous mainly for his saying to a sporting parson who had "fallen by the way," and had just subsided into a muddy ditch, "You can lie where you are, sir; you won't be wanted till next Sunday"—the incident and remark being subsequently appropriated by John Leech.

Mr. Fernie's New Huntsman

Thatcher's departure from Oakham is naturally very much lamented by the Cottesmore people, in whose eyes he is nothing less than a hunting genius; but he is not going out of the Shires, Mr. Fernie having been quick to secure the professional's services. Despite its formidable "oxers" and the presence of a good deal of wire, Mr. Fernie's country is one of the most attractive in the kingdom, and now that the hounds are to have perhaps the best huntsman in England, the contingent which hunts from Market Harborough is certain to become appreciably larger. There are a great many changes of huntsmen this season, and

A Popular West Midland Pack

SCENES AT A MEET OF THE ALBRIGHTON HUNT

At a Meet of the Albrighton

Followers of these hounds constitute a well-mounted, hard-riding field

Lieut.-Col. Cuthbert Goulburn, the popular Master of the Albrighton

Photos] **The Albrighton Hounds and the Hunt Staff** [*Weiss and Fowke*

The pack is one of the best in the West Midlands, and its history dates back to the eighteenth century. Good sport is being enjoyed under Lieut.-Col. Goulburn's leadership

the vacancies with the Cottesmore, Grafton, Lord Galway's, Rufford, Warwickshire, and other famous packs, have afforded rare opportunities to rising men.

The Meet at Banbury Cross

At one time the meet of the Warwickshire Hounds at Banbury Cross was an annual event with that pack, and was attended with full civic honours. But, probably because the town lies on the extreme borders of the Hunt, the fixture was discontinued by the late Lord Willoughby de Broke. The present Master wishes to re-establish it, and, accordingly, took his hounds there on Friday, the 15th inst. That the movement is a popular one was evidenced by the gigantic crowd which assembled. The town turned out in full force at the historic Cross to greet Lord Willoughby and his beautiful bitches, and the meet, which we depict in a full-page illustration, formed quite a memorable affair to the good folk of Banbury, who have excellent reasons for interesting themselves in fox-hunting, as the town is a convenient centre for several important packs, and benefits to a considerable extent financially. The crowd accompanied the hounds to their first draw at Chamberlain's Gorse, and Lord Willoughby's experiment was so successful that it is sure to be repeated next season. Our illustrations also show the Albrighton Hounds at a recent meet. The pack just now is in excellent form, and Colonel Goulburn in the Mastership is giving complete satisfaction to all classes.

Photo *Whitlock*

The new Grafton M.F.H., Mr. C. McNeill

Mr. Charles McNeill has been elected to succeed Lord Southampton in the Mastership of the Grafton Hounds. We may take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. McNeill upon his appointment, and also upon his engagement to Sir Oswald Mosley's daughter

Lord Southampton's Successor

Whether the Grafton men have done the right thing in appointing another amateur huntsman remains, of course, for time to show; but this much can be said, that they could scarcely have obtained a sportsman with better qualifications than Mr. Charles McNeill possesses. The all-round knowledge of the sport he displayed while hunting the North Cotswold Hounds, the experience of grass countries which he has gained during many seasons with the Quorn, Mr. Fernie's, and neighbouring packs, the close study he was able to make of the methods of the late Tom Firr, his great dash and resource in the field, and his undeniable judgment of hounds and horses—all these things must help Mr. McNeill in the difficult undertaking that lies before him. The odds seem to be distinctly in his favour, and I hope the Grafton will have an uninterrupted period of success under his leadership. A. W. C.

WINTER PIKE-FISHING

Although I have caught some hundreds of pike, and fished waters containing very large fish, I have never yet succeeded in killing one much over 26 lb.; but the angler lives in hope, and if my friend, Mr. Alfred Jardine, or I, catch it, I may yet see in a glass case one of over 40 lb., which he and I have tried for more than once in vain. On one of the last occasions when I was fishing with Mr. Jardine, in a fine lake, we saw this monster put his head and shoulders out of the water; Mr. J. has killed many pike over 30 lb., and a brace of nearly 40 lb. each—one 36 lb., one 37 lb. We were both casting towards the spot where the monster's head appeared, only some fifteen yards from our boat, and I shall never forget the look on Mr. J.'s face, and his solemn whisper, "Did you see it?" Often since he has said to me, "Do you remember that fish—why, it had a head like a full-grown calf!" We tried all we knew to induce that fish to try our tackle, then and since, but in vain. Mr. Jardine uses the finest tackle for these great fish that I have ever seen used—one small hook on fine gimp, attached to a single strand of grilse gut, with a reel line little stouter than thread, and his great success for over fifty years he attributes to his use of fine tackle. I should put a large measure of it down to his skill in using it and his perfect knowledge of all there is to know of the ways and habits of pike. The use of fine tackle and light rods unquestionably adds to the sport of pike fishing, or any other fishing, and there is all the difference in the world between hauling out a pike which has gorged a bait on tackle which would kill a shark and playing a fish hooked in the mouth on a line which a child could break. Personally, I prefer spinning for pike, casting the bait from the reel into likely places, near beds of weeds, so that it spins quietly just outside, as you can often see the gleam of the pike as it almost leaps on the bait. A salmon rises at your fly in quite a leisurely fashion as compared with the sudden onset of a pike. Often I have been able to see in a favourable light everything in a bit of deep, clear water. Even the minnows and small fry could be seen, and nothing else in view, and yet, directly my bait has fallen on the surface, a big pike has got it, and is back in his haunt, under some neighbouring weed-bed. I know no fish which can more quickly get up full steam and speed. It is a mistake to suppose these big fellows do not fight well; in intensely cold weather, when the water freezes in the rings of your rod, pike seem at times to become numbed and show little sport; the blood temperature of fish is only a degree or two above that of the water, and I am convinced that the nearer the freezing point the less active the large pike are, as a rule. The salmon does not mind the cold half so much, and the best sport I have had with them has been on bitterly cold, early Spring days, when the ice crackles under you as you wade out to get to the cast. Winter pike-fishing is very enjoyable sport, especially in a good stream where the pike run from 10 to 20 lb., and are taken on light spinning tackle.

R. B. Marston.

"Ride a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross"

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Meet of the Warwickshire Hounds at Banbury Cross

After a lapse of thirty-five years Lord Willoughby de Broke's hounds recently met at the historic Cross, and all Banbury turned out in honour of the occasion

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

"Recollections of a Humourist." By A. W. à Beckett. (Pitman: 12*s.* 6*d.*)
"Memories." By Sir Owen Tudor Burne, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I. (Arnold: 15*s.* net)
"The Fighting Chance." By Robert W. Chambers. (Constable: 6*s.*)
"The Nancy Manœuvre." By Charles Gleig. (Brown, Langham: 6*s.*)

Mr. à Beckett's Memoirs

Recollections of a Humourist, by Mr. Arthur William à Beckett (Pitman: 12*s.* 6*d.*), is a delightful anecdotal record of an unusually varied career. Before undertaking the heavy responsibilities and serious cares of the assistant-editorial chair of *Punch*, Mr. à Beckett engaged in lighter journalism. Perhaps the most interesting section of his career is that in which he edited an evening paper of the 'sixties called the *Glowworm*—a post which brought him exciting and amusing adventures. The occasion on which, to save his paper a libel action, he proposed to fight a duel with the injured person (Mr. Whitehurst, of the Paris Embassy), shows the young journalist of that day to have possessed both courage and imagination—as well as such weightier qualities as *Punch* humour. Perhaps the funniest thing in the book (to journalists) is Mr. à Beckett's statement that "the Institute of Journalists, with its annual conference, its stately proceedings, and its general high respectability, has revolutionised Fleet Street." His suggestion, further, that the "silk hat and frock-coat element" has made for "respectability" in our noble profession is so funny that I am not surprised that it did not appear in *Punch*.

Mr. Arthur W. à Beckett
Whose "Recollections of a Humourist" are now published (Pitman).
(Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Pitman from "Recollections of a Humourist")

—And Those of Sir Owen Burne

I have often thought that the most interesting political history of the time would be written by a Foreign Office doorkeeper, could one of them be enlisted into the public service (*i.e.* the Press). An exact description of the exact expression on the face of this Ambassador or that Minister, and the exact accent with which he spoke, or coughed or sneezed, on arriving at and departing from an interview at a moment of International crisis—how much more eloquent than all the Blue-books that could ever be compiled! Failing the evidence, however, of the janitor, there is the permanent official. After having served his country for some half a century, and retired covered with decorations, it is the usual practice of these gentlemen to sit down and compile reminiscences. These will, of course, be the very genius of discretion. Still, but rarely will discretion be allowed to prevent the author from adorning his tale with one or two gems. In this connection, one of the most interesting volumes of official reminiscence lately issued is the *Memories* of Sir Owen Tudor Burne, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I. (Arnold: 15*s.* net). An old Crimean and Mutiny warrior, Sir Owen started his civil career as Private Secretary to successive Indian Viceroys, after which he was promoted to be Political Secretary of the India Office. As the cicerone of the Shah of Persia during his visit to England in 1873; as reporter in person to her Majesty Queen Victoria of Indian events, especially of the assassination of Lord Mayo; as assistant in turn at the India Office to Lords Salisbury, Hartington, Kimberley, and Randolph Churchill—his has, indeed, been a varied career. Sir Owen's interviews with her late Majesty, in which she betrayed her intense and precise interest in Indian problems; his relations and impressions of four statesmen of such varied types, bear quotation, as for instance:—

LORD SALISBURY

"Shy and reserved, but, in his daily work, brimming over with quiet fun and cleverness. A fair and humble-minded man."

LORD HARTINGTON (THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE)

"Apparently gruff to ordinary outsiders in matters of business, but he had great perception. I have seldom known a man who took a quicker view of questions while turning over innumerable Blue-books and papers of sorts with puffs and groans which went to one's heart."

LORD KIMBERLEY

"A very business-like man, with a large experience of official work, and a great deal of common sense."

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

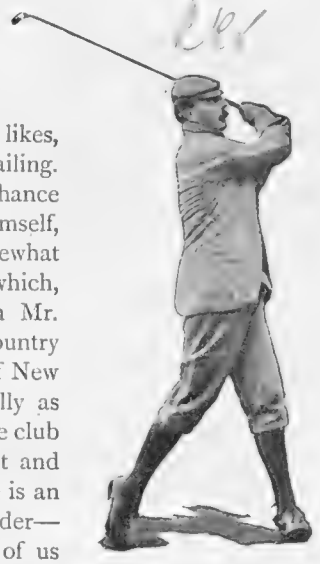
"Came to the India Office with the character of a reformer who was going to tear the carriage-wheels off the rusty old office coach and to toss councillors, secretaries, and clerks into some unknown abyss. An unfriendly reception was therefore in store for him, but in a marvellous manner he soon gained to his side his would-be opponents."

Perhaps the most piquant of Sir Owen's actual "jobs" was when, after the Burmese War in 1886, Lord Randolph sent him to Paris on the quiet to "bundle out" of the French capital, bag and baggage, the envoys sent by King Theebaw to fix a treaty between Burmah and France, and to ship them back to their native land. Suffice it to say that Sir Owen succeeded in this little task of diplomatic "detectivism" in a way that could not have been bettered had his name been Sherlock Holmes. Another notable feat was his conduct (in 1880) of

the negotiations by which the Nawab Nizam of Bengal was induced, by a pension, to abdicate his regal state, and save the Government £120,000, for which his "skill and tact" received official recognition.

"The Fighting Chance"

The action of some of the recent novels from America is so leisurely, the style so careful and dignified, and the verbiage so well chosen and graceful, that I am constrained to wonder whether the polish of the classic English romancists has not crossed the Atlantic. Nothing could be more cautious, for instance, than the way in which Mr. Robert W. Chambers handles his delicate material in *The Fighting Chance* (Constable: 6*s*.). Mr. Chambers introduces us to a nice young New York man and an altogether charming New York woman, who fall in love with fascinating deliberation at a country house up-State. So pleased is the author with the essential sweetness of the people, and the place, and the world generally, that he keeps them (and us) *in statu quo* for fully half the story. The hero, young Stephen Siward, comes of a historic family, whose curse — the drink habit — he has inherited, and which has got him expelled from his smartest clubs. The girl, though engaged to another man, likes, and then loves, Siward, despite his failing. The "fighting chance" is the chance he gives the boy to redeem himself, and to win her hand from its somewhat colourless possessor, one Quarrier, in which, ultimately, Siward succeeds. When Mr. Chambers gets us away from his country house, and into the whirl and swirl of New York, we confess to a relief, especially as the picture he sketches of Fifth Avenue club and social life is one of the clearest and most atmospheric yet given us. Here is an almost new world for the British reader—the America Elegant—which many of us did not know to exist, and if it be as fascinating an America as Mr. Chambers paints, the wonder is that its leading participants forsake it annually in such large numbers for the somewhat hackneyed and threadbare charms of old Europe.



The Hon. Evan Charteris

Who is about to publish "A Narrative of Affairs," written in 1748 by an ancestor, and giving some as yet untold details of the Jacobite rising. He is the youngest son of Lord Wemyss

Political Pamphlets

It is, perhaps, good to have it, on the authority of a leading publisher (Mr. John Lane), that there is "no money" in political pamphlets. Had it been otherwise, I positively tremble to think what might have been my present fate at the hands of writing gentlemen (and ladies) anxious to express their views on, say, the question of the House of Lords. As it is, I have only two books on the subject before me—the one, *Peers or People: The House of Lords Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting*, by W. T. Stead; the other, *The House of Lords as a Part of the British Constitution*, by Mr. A. C. Fox Davies (John Lane). As to the line taken by the former, its title and the name of its author are sufficiently eloquent. To the preface of the latter I am indebted for the above statement of Mr. Lane that there is "no money in political pamphlets." The author, having tried to get every newspaper in London to print his views on the subject (a defence of the House of Lords), failed, and had to fall back on a pamphlet. Honestly, I am not surprised at his failure. The "impartial" writer on politics, at best, is unpopular, but when he indiscriminately bespatters with abuse both parties in the State, he strains the patience. When, in the first few pages of Mr. Fox Davies's treatise, I read that "the unutterable incompetence of the present Government is only surpassed by the egregious futility of the present Opposition," a great tiredness overcame me, and has not left me at the time of writing.

Literary v. Dramatic Critics

Mr. Clement Shorter's recent remark that "the dramatic critic who demands the same high standard of excellence in a play that he has a right to demand in a novel seems to me a most unnecessary person," has, of course, aroused the attention of the fraternity attacked. It certainly seems a little rude of the literary journalistic pot to call the dramatic journalistic kettle—unnecessary. Nobody would deny that, individually, the dramatic critics of the leading newspapers are as independent and as conscientious as any literary critic. What, however, I think may be suggested is that the smaller fry of dramatic criticism are a shade less conscientious than those of literature. The production of a new play is regarded too much as an opportunity for the display of a cheap wit scarcely in good taste, seeing the months of trouble and the lavish expense to which those responsible for even the poorest of plays have been put. An author who has written a poor book is allowed to escape in silence, or, at any rate, with the censure of a few words; the poor playwright is roasted till cooked too cruelly well. Again, too often does the dramatic critic of the kind I mean intrude upon the public his own temperament. "Tedious," "dull," "wearisome," etc., etc., are epithets in too frequent use. A man who has to rush his copy may find "tedious" or "dull" a play to which the average playgoer (for whom the play has been written) would listen in awed attention In a critical weekly of the highest standing last year, I could gather no more as to the literary value of Mr. Comyns Carr's *Tristram and Iseult* than that, apparently, it rather bored the critic himself. As to the treatment of the classic legend, and how it compared with previous versions, in poetry and dramatic effect, the critic vouchsafed no word. He found it tedious—that was the whole story. The literary critic is, perhaps, every bit as bored with some of the volumes committed to his care as is the dramatic critic with the most ponderous of farces or the most didactic of musical comedies, but he disguises his personal feelings somewhat more carefully, and, at any rate, poses as expressing the public rather than his private view of the thing reviewed.

Golf Notes and Notions

Spotting a Fault

Is there anything more exasperating to a player than finding some subtle disease manifesting itself in some department of his game? I make bold to say that, if you question any player of standing and experience, you will, nine times out of ten, hear him confess that at some period, either recent or remote, he has gone through a time of tribulation during which some favourite stroke has abandoned him, or some queer little fault has arisen which has vitiated either his driving, his approaching, or his putting. The approach of the disease is rarely abrupt, but generally gradual and creeping, like some forms of paralysis. One day the player who has been driving magnificent shots, and who, in the exultation of the moment, thinks he has absolutely solved the secrets of one part of the game, finds that his powers are deserting him. Like an Alpine climber who is losing his footing, he endeavours, in vain, to arrest the fatal "glissade." He tries to remember some particular trick which ensured his magnificent tee-shots of yesterday. Alas! he is unable to detect the infinitesimal variation which is producing such poor shots to-day. Truth to tell, during his riotous period of glorious swiping, he has paid no attention to questions of detail. At each tee he has felt positively certain that he can carry the very farthest hazard, and, full of "beans" and confidence, he has wasted no time on considerations of stance or swing, but has "fizzed" his ball away like a veritable Braid or Vardon.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. W. H. Lunnon

Whose excellent play while playing for Bucks greatly assisted the defeat of Devon by 4 up and 2 to play in the second round of the Golfing Cricketers' Inter-County Tournament at Maidenhead. His partner was Mr. G. R. Greaves, while Devon was represented by the Hon. Osmund Scott, the runner-up for the Amateur Championship in 1905, and his brother, the Hon. Denys Scott

Pitiful Examples

Very much the same thing applies to other departments of the game. For a short period a player is laying all his approaches very near to the hole. All of them go straight for the pin, and he feels reasonably sure, when he has to play a ball from any distance off the green up to seventy or eighty yards, that he will give himself the chance of holing in his next. Here, again, he pays no particular attention to grip, swing, or stance. He is animated by a glorious feeling of confidence. He is top-dog, and has got the head of the game safely in chancery, and is able to punish it to any extent. Then, gradually, the ever-fighting and never-defeated game gets its head out of chancery, and proceeds to take its revenge on its lately gloating antagonist. He begins to be sorry that he took such liberties in his brief period of superiority, and recognises, when too late, that the game is like an expert Japanese Jui-Jitsu exponent, and is sure to trip him up, sooner or later, by some cunning wrist or arm lock. Then, as in the case of the unhappy driver, he begins to propound questions to himself, and the moment that he does this his period on the rack commences. The same remarks apply to the man who has been raking them in all over the green. You hear him say, as he comes in from a round, "My dear fellow, I simply couldn't miss 'em. The hole looked like a bucket, and my ball like a tomato. It would have been absurd to fail. I simply couldn't have done it if I tried. Can't make out why you chaps find putting so difficult." "Bide a wee," as the Scottish caddie says, and you will see the boaster in another and sadder vein. Now, the hole looks like the eye of a needle, and he feels that by no possible art can he get his ball either into the hole or even decently near it.

Is There a Remedy?

What is the remedy when such a disaster befalls a player? As a rule, he begins by ascribing the fault to his club. Some players have quaint fancies in this respect, and treat their clubs like children which behave well or ill, according to the state of their temper. They put the offending club away, as a child is put into the corner, and only after a prolonged period of penal exclusion is the offender given another trial. In this quaint fancy there lurks a modicum of good sense. For, translated into plain words, the trouble means loss of confidence in a particular club; and, alas! fancy rules the world of golf far more than ordinary people would suspect. In other cases the terrified player, finding things going from bad to worse, turns to every man with whom he may happen to play during his bad time and asks the fatal question, "What *am* I doing wrong?" At the end of a fortnight he will have tried every known stance and grip, with the common result that his last state is a thousand times worse than his first. Others go out and practise away with dozens of balls in an endeavour to exorcise the demon afflicting them, and end by making themselves abominably stale. Much better for the player is it to go quietly on adhering to his own style, and endeavouring, by a process of minute practical observation while playing, and severe mental analysis between rounds, to detect the error which is making havoc with his game.

Then one fine day confidence returns, peace is signed, or, rather, an armistice proclaimed, and the fell adversary, golf, allows the happy man another brief space of perfect enjoyment.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Games and Pastimes

Queen's Park Beaten at Queen's Club

The Corinthians were again in form on Saturday, and won their return match against the crack amateur Scotch club by 2—0, the first at Glasgow having resulted in a draw (1—1). Snell and Foster played even better than they did in the 'Varsity match, and G. S. Harris was the best of a line of forwards who combined better and better as the game went on.

Oxford's Unexpected Win

A fortnight ago I hazarded the opinion that Cambridge would win the Soccer match, especially if they made a good start. They did not win, and they certainly did not make a good start. In fact, although they had the slant of the wind and the sun against them, the forwards began in a very leisurely fashion, which was rather suggestive of over-confidence, and when they did set to work they relied too much on the inside game, which can generally be upset by good half-backs when they know that they can depend upon its being tried. The Oxford half-backs found this out, and were quite skilful enough to turn the discovery to account. Moreover, it was not the day for scientific forward play, so that the more vigorous, if less artistic, methods of the Oxford attack prevailed. It is true that Oxford's first goal was, in a sense, a fluke, for Clarke's kick, apparently meant to be a centre, was converted by the wind into a shot which took Taylor more or less by surprise. But the course of events proved that passing of the speculative, rather than the deliberate, order was likely to prevail, and these tactics would have given the Oxford forwards a goal or two more in the second half if they could only have galloped a bit faster; for there were several occasions on which Taylor was practically beaten, and yet no goal resulted. At the opposite end, on the other hand, Cambridge had to deal with a defence which, if a bit lucky, was as sound as could be wished. In the last quarter of an hour Appleton and the backs had a very warm time of it, and kept their heads well; but, all the same, I think that if Young and Yates, on the wings, had been given more chances, Cambridge might have won. The feature of the match was the good play of the half-backs on both sides, and particularly of the Oxford three, of whom Foster was, perhaps, the best, although Hunt ran him close, while Howell-Jones, though less clever with his feet, worked hard and used his weight well. Snell, another big man, was also in great form, and his coolness in emergencies was as marked as ever.

Cambridge Just Win the Hockey

The Cambridge hockey team were, perhaps, even hotter favourites for their match, which took place at Bromley on the same day, than were the Soccer team for theirs; but, although in this case the tipsters were right, Cambridge only won a rather scrambling match by the odd goal in five. Curiously enough, their forwards, of whom so much was expected, made the same mistake as their Soccer brethren, and played the inside game too persistently. 'Varsity hockey seems to suffer, even more than other games, from the excitement created by *the* match of the season;

The Torpids at Oxford: Magdalen catching University

On the first day of these races (Thursday last) Magdalen, by bumping University, went head of the river; while Balliol, by catching Christchurch, went third. On Friday, Balliol likewise bumped University; and on Saturday, Magdalen, in their turn, fell to Balliol, who thus went from fourth to head in three nights. The racing ends to-day (Wednesday)

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Devon v. Kent Match: Comprehensive Collaring by Devon

On Wednesday last Devon defeated Kent at Blackheath by 28 points to 3 in the semi-final tie for the Rugby County Championship

there was a good deal of turning on the ball and body work in the course of the match, and the play seldom reached a high standard. On the day's play, A. M. Horsfall, the Oxford centre-half, stood out as the best player on the field, and he was well assisted by J. Y. Robinson in the second half. The Oxford forwards, fed by these two, went in for the long passing game (unlike their opponents), and would have made it pay well if their play in the circle had been better, but the side was not a little handicapped by the fact that their captain, Rambaut, who usually plays half, had to take the centre-forward place at the eleventh hour, *vice* L. C. Gamage.

The Cresta Catastrophe

The sad tobogganing accident, which recently caused the death of Comte de Bylandt, is the second which has resulted fatally on the Cresta course at St. Moritz this winter. But though the two accidents occurred on the same course, the causes which led to them were widely different; nor can the sport itself be directly blamed for either of them, although, on an ice-run like the Cresta, you perhaps get it in its most dangerous form. Captain Pennell was virtually a beginner; and it is customary for beginners, until they attain to a considerable degree of proficiency, to attempt only the lower half of the run, owing to the tremendous pace (somewhere about 40 miles an hour) which is attained to by starting from the very top. Captain Pennell, a daring and courageous soldier (as his V.C. proved him to be) thought himself proficient enough, after a certain amount of practice, to attempt the full course, and his pluck, as it turned out, cost him his life. Comte de Bylandt, on the other hand, was one of the most expert tobogganers of the day, and on the occasion of his accident was the first man to go down the run, which is looked after, much after the fashion of a railway line, by signalmen who are in telephonic communication with the starting-place; and a run is not started until the signal is given that the course is clear. But, owing to some misunderstanding or to negligence on the part of the signalmen, the Count went down when the course was not, in fact, clear, dashed into an obstacle which lay across it, and was killed. As I have already indicated, he had tobogganed regularly at St. Moritz for many seasons, and although he never won the Grand National—the principal race on the Cresta course—he was always well in the running for it. In 1902 he was second, and in 1905 he established a record for a single run —1 min. 3 sec., which is equal to about forty-four miles an hour. This, though it was equalled on the same day by the ultimate winner of the whole contest, Mr. J. A. Bott, has not yet been beaten. Keenly devoted to sport in all its forms, Comte de Bylandt was also an ardent dog fancier, and the author of a work of recognised value on the various breeds of dogs; and lastly, amongst other things, he was renowned as a fencer.

The All-England Badminton Meeting takes place this week, beginning to-day (Wednesday) and finishing on Saturday, at the London Rifle Brigade Headquarters, 130, Bunhill Row, Chiswell Street, Finsbury Square. The entries, we understand, are very large, and there will be some remarkably good matches. All lovers of this growing and popular game should make a point of visiting this tournament.

Inter-'Varsity Matches

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MEET AT HOCKEY AND FOOTBALL

(1) Cambridge get the best of a bully-off

The 'Varsity Association football and hockey matches unfortunately clashed last week, and would-be spectators of both sighed longingly for the attributes of Sir Boyle Roche's bird. Cambridge were expected to

(2) An exciting moment in the Oxford circle

secure a double win, but, in the event, they lost the football, and only just scraped home in the hockey, in which their best players all played below their form. The forwards in particular were disappointing, and overdid the short passing game, and

(3) Well checked!

Oxford, whose half-backs did well, might have won with a little more luck in the circle. In the football match the Cambridge forwards also failed to reproduce the form which they had shown against the Corinthians, and in the high wind the less elaborate tactics of the Oxford forwards proved more paying. The Oxford back and half-back play was very sound.

(4) One of the many little duels between Foster and Yates

Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Iniquitous Tolls

If the Motor Union and the Automobile Association continue to pursue their progressive policy of protecting the motorist, he will, before very long, be compelled to resign the attitude of Injured Innocent which a too discriminating Parliament and a constabulary with a nice sense of speed have enabled him to adopt. These reflections have been engendered by the latest action of the Motor Union, who are responsible for a very important case to motorists, which was heard by the magistrates at Fareham last Saturday. Connecting Hayling Island with the mainland at Havant is Langstone Bridge, which provides the only means of approaching Hayling Island. This bridge is leased from the L. B. and S. C. Railway by someone whose name I am not acquainted with, and the lessee, deeming the motor-car his lawful prey, has been in the habit of doubling the toll, which formerly stood at 6*d*. The Motor Union, nothing daunted by legal difficulties, claim to have discovered that this extra 6*d*. toll is illegal. What the decision of the magistrates was I do not yet know, but such iniquitous relics of past feudalism (or whatever you care to describe tolls as) deserve to be relegated to the unmourned and unsung limbo of the forgotten past There are still a considerable number of tolls in existence in this country which, considering there ARE such things as County Councils AND rates, which steadily mount, AND which motorists have to contribute to heavily, proves only a further instance of how he (the motorist) is mulcted! Down with all tolls, say I!

* * *

Road Improvement

Talking of roads and Councils reminds me that, under the presidency of the Right Hon. John Burns, the Local Government Board is really moving along quite briskly. The Road Improvement Association have been officially informed that the L.G.B. will send a representative during the forthcoming trials of the tar-spreading machine, and for their experiments with the best preparation of tar for road purposes. The Ripley road is to be experimented on somewhere near Cobham, and perhaps various other public bodies, who mostly are so silly over their road-laying as yet—for knowing motor-cars must wear out thinly made roads, which sufficed, perhaps, for go-carts, still placidly continue to tinker with them to the great public expense—may be induced to condescend to drop over and see what is going on. Competitions are being held, and anyone reading these lines who has invented a first-class tar-spreading machine, or has a fond prescription for a tar-and-dustless road preparation, can still enter by applying to the Secretary, The R.I.A., 1, Albemarle Street. He may or may not mention this paper as he pleases.

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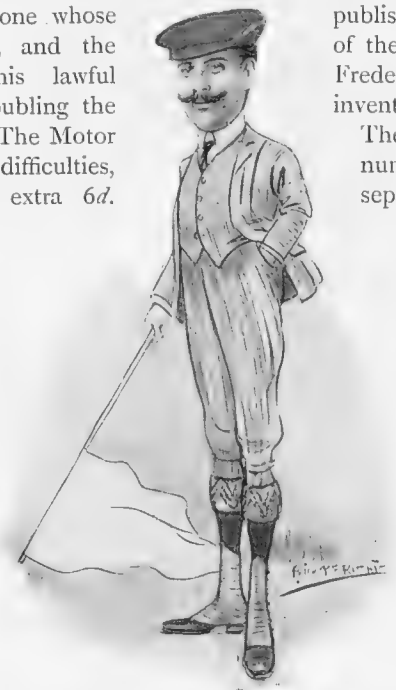

Car-icature—No. XV.: Mr. Julian W. Orde

The Secretary of the A.C.G.B. and I., Mr. Orde, is well known as the "chief marshal and starter" at most of the Club's trials, tests, and hill-climbs. He organised the Gordon Bennett race in Ireland in 1903, and is a keen advocate of British supremacy in International contests

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

A New Mechanical Wheel

There is no end to the numerous forms of spring wheels and other devices to obviate pneumatics. None as yet have, however, in spite of claims made, achieved the necessary resiliency. Thanks to the courtesy of *The Car*, I am enabled to publish a sectional view and description of the "Centipede" wheel, invented by Mr. Frederick Wicks, who is well known as the inventor of the rotary type-casting machine.

The tread of this wheel is formed by a number of steel pedals, or sections, separate from one another, yet so closely spaced that they form practically segments of a continuous ring projecting beyond a solid frame. Each of these sections has a superficial area in contact with the ground of less than one inch, and is continually pressed outward or kept extended by means of coil springs, the long shanks meantime passing between rollers, which act as guides in permitting of their inward and outward movement. Obstacles, such as stones, are entirely absorbed by such of the pedals as come in contact with them, leaving the remaining pedals to deal with the load. The failing in the wheel, however, so far as can be argued from theory (as I have not seen it) is that, though resiliency is attempted and in part obtained, the only real way in which it can be is that, when a portion of a tyre meets an obstruction (such as a stone), by a natural process the pressure is transferred to that portion which has not encountered the obstruction, but which has to bear the weight of the load. Thus, though mechanical devices like Mr. Wicks's may be very clever, they cannot get over rigidity to some extent; and, indeed, only a yielding substance like rubber would appear to.

* * *

Mr. Edge on the War-path

Mr. S. F. Edge, his appetite as yet unassuaged with the trophies of war — I allude to his

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TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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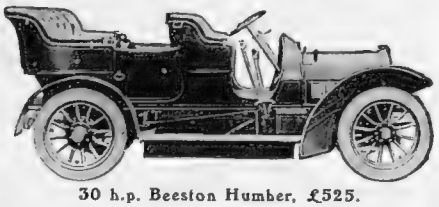

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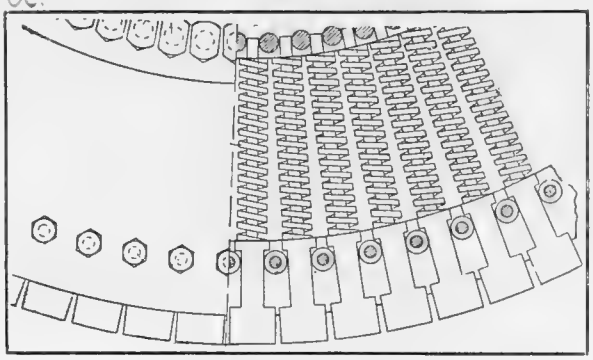
PAUL BRODTMANN, *Managing Director.*

six-cylinder *versus* four-cylinder debate in which he proved a very able and very eloquent debater — is again on the war-path. This time he is championing the cause of the wire wheel against the artillery ditto. Certainly, its advantages are many: it is (says he) stronger than the wooden wheel; is unaffected by climate; repairs can be rapidly effected and broken spokes quickly replaced. His strongest point, perhaps, is that all the material in a wire wheel can be made equally good, whereas with the wooden it varies considerably.

At the same time Mr. Edge admits that it does not look so nice, but thinks this is prejudice. Undoubtedly; but looks go for something, as I am sure Mr. Edge would at once admit. It is much more trouble to keep clean. Again, though broken wires are easier to replace than a broken wooden wheel, they are also easier both to break and to bend. The argument that the wooden wheels vary considerably depends where the manufacturer gets his wood from. There is such a thing as seasoned wood and imperfect wire spokes. Prejudice is a difficult thing to fight against, and, right or wrong, the public prefer the artillery wheel, and there seems to be little disposition at present of a change.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.



Sectional View of the Centipede Wheel

This wheel claims to have obtained resiliency by means of a number of steel pedals which "give" when in contact with obstructions

* * *

Car-icature—No. XV.: Mr. Julian W. Orde

"Chief Marshal and Starter" is one of the most familiar legends to be read by those who run their cars at the numerous trials, tests, and hill-climbs organised by the A.C.G.B. and I. and its affiliated provincial clubs. Since 1903, when he organised the Gordon Bennett Race in Ireland, Mr. Julian Orde has been one of the most prominent and popular figures in motor developments in this country, and it is not too much to say that his energy, zeal, and invariable tact have rendered yeoman service to the cause of automobile advancement generally. As Secretary of "the Club," Mr. Orde is naturally greatly in request wherever motorists most do congregate, and only a few days ago he achieved a somewhat remarkable feat in travelling some 880 miles—by rail, be it noted—in twenty-two hours, to attend the annual dinner of the Scottish Club. Mr. Orde is a keen advocate of British supremacy in International contests, and at the present moment is conducting a vigorous campaign on the Continent in order to induce foreign sportsmen and manufacturers to participate in our insular events. Educated at Haileybury, the subject of this week's BYSTANDER Car-icature spent three years in France, and subsequently put in a decade in travelling in the far West of America. A good linguist, a good sportsman, and a cultured English gentleman, th carrying out of th "official" policy o the A.C.G.B. and I could not be reposed i more capable hands.

DOUGLAS MILLER.

* * *

Miscellanea

The motor-car has pen trated to the Church, and a instance of this is found in the fact that the Catholic Archbisho of Westminster has placed an order with the Daimler Compan for one of their 1907 model cars.

The Zancigs started, after their last Saturday matinée at th Alhambra, in a 40 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier.

The writer, among others, was mystified by them the oth night. Mrs. Zancig told him (Mr. Zancig looking at his railro pass) his name, christian name, and when his ticket expires!

The Olympia Show for commercial vehicles commences March 7 and continues till the 16th.

The Rolls-Royce Company have just delivered a 15 h.-p. c to the Bishop of Salisbury.

The Maharajah of Cooch Behar saw a "Daimler" car Lady Minto's fête at Calcutta and bought it on the sp That's something like business!

In fact, we believe he was driven home in it there and then.

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Mr. and Mrs. Zancig in their 40 h.-p. Napier car, in which they will make their provincial tour

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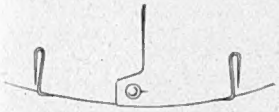

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It should be attached to the collar after the Tie has been tied up, as it is easily slipped on underneath. This enables the Tie to be tied up with freedom, and in a natural, easy, unhampered manner, which most retainers prevent.

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Bulbs in the Grass

When crocuses and snowdrops begin to flower, and tulips and hyacinths to push their way through the ground, we have some justification for feeling that winter is passing, be the weather what it may. Most spring-flowering bulbs look very much better in grass than they do when growing out of the bare earth, and since the practice of planting them thus has been adopted in the public parks, it has been very generally followed. There is one objection to it in the lawn—the grass must not be cut until the leaves of the bulbs have withered, otherwise there will be no flowers in the following year. But this objection does not apply to the wild garden, and it is here, as in the scene illustrated, that bulbs always look most beautiful, the feeling of pleased surprise which they cause when we see them in such positions contributing to the effect. This, too, is one reason why a garden with nooks and corners, with glimpses of mysteries which draw us forward to solve them one by one, has a charm which another, laid bare to the eye, can never possess. Each of these little groups of spring flowers is a fresh delight when we come across them in the grass; the pity is they are so transient. The crocuses, the yellow ones especially, would last longer if only the sparrows would leave them alone; the honey which they contain is the attraction. Sometimes black cotton may be run over them, but, in many cases, it would quite spoil their appearance. Where the birds are very troublesome, syringing with some bitter principle, such as a decoction of quassia chips, might perhaps act as a deterrent for a time, though after rain or heavy dew it would have to be repeated.

Why Bulbs Often Fail

It is rarely that any fertiliser is applied to bulbs. It seems to be supposed that they will thrive in the same ground for an indefinite period. As the result of this treatment, or want of treatment, they deteriorate rapidly, and sometimes disappear altogether. In the woods, where most of them grow naturally, they are fed every year by the fallen leaves, but in gardens no such addition is made to the soil, which consequently becomes exhausted. Perhaps the reason why fertilisers are rarely applied to bulbs is that, as they do not improve the current year's flowers, they seem to be useless. But they improve the flowers in subsequent years. The current year's growth of foliage and flowers is fed, not by the roots, but by the food stored up in the bulb—in other words, at the expense of the bulb itself, which would therefore dwindle away unless it in its turn were fed by the roots. Hence the importance of applying fertilisers to maintain and, if possible, increase the size of the bulb, and so to enable it to bear good flowers. The bulbs or corms of crocuses and various other plants only live a year, but good soil is equally necessary in their case, for new corms are formed on top of the old one, and if the soil is exhausted, these will be no larger than peas.

H. C. Davidson.

Photo *Thomas Taylor*

Bulbs in the Grass: Tulips growing on a bank in Colonel Baskerville's garden, Crowsley Park, Henley-on-Thames

Many flowers look far more attractive growing in the grass than from the bare earth, and since this practice has been adopted in the public parks, it has been very generally followed

Modern Life and Nerve Strain

DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., NAMES A REMEDY FOR THE EVIL

DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., writes:

"It has been said that 'we take our pleasures sadly.' Be that as it may, a large number of people take their pleasures at a rate which is positively alarming. They make a toil of life—dinners, routs, balls follow in quick succession, and the society lady of to-day and the man of the 'smart set' work very hard indeed in the pursuit of pleasure. Narcotics are taken to induce sleep after a round of gaieties, and this practice in itself entails a grave danger, that of taking increasing doses of, say, chloral or other soporific, a habit which can only result in ultimate physical breakdown. How much wiser would be the course of living at a less rapid rate, or at least fortifying the bodily powers day by day by the use of an effective and pleasant restorative. Sanatogen represents such an agent. Its use will tone the body, produce sleep in a natural manner, and render the individual better fitted to sustain fatigue.

"No lady should be without Sanatogen—a dose taken after dinner and again after the morning meal; or it may be added to tea or cocoa, and thus convert these beverages into veritable tonics. Sanatogen combines two distinct elements, one *tonic* and the other *nutritive*. The tonic element is represented by a compound of phosphorus. It is the glycero-phosphate of sodium, and it represents the substance which actually forms a very important, if not the most important, constituent of our brain and nervous system.

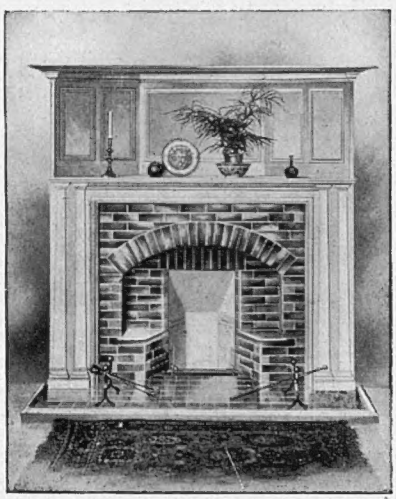
"But Sanatogen also contains a food (casein) derived from fresh cow's milk, which performs the duty of building up the body and of giving to the muscles and other organs their needed nutriment. It is this combination of tonic and restoring properties which places Sanatogen in a unique position among modern preparations for the prevention and cure of disease. Its great merit is that it can be taken *under* all ordinary circumstances of life. It does not upset the system. Its action is of a thoroughly natural kind. It is easily assimilated.

"We live in an age in which the vital wear and tear are exercised to an intense degree. Competition in all grades of existence grows more severe year by year. We have much more nervous waste than was represented in our forefathers' case, and the strain on the nervous system increases daily. Now it is of no service to prescribe medicine by way of arming ourselves against weakness. Medicine is given to cure disease; it cannot build up the body, or impart strength and vigour. Suppose a preparation is found which—taken whenever the vital powers begin to flag—will restore them in as natural a fashion as if by taking food and drink, such an agent deserves to be welcomed by everybody. Now Sanatogen is truly to be regarded as a preparation of this kind. Let the overworked man give it a fair trial. It will restore his vigour, and, by strengthening him, give him literally a new lease of life.

"A modern danger threatening every class of society is that represented by the tendency to fly to alcoholic stimulants by way of counteracting the weakness and weariness incidental to overwork and fatigue. There can be no greater mistake. The overworked man who takes alcohol is simply spurring and whipping an overtired horse. I strongly advocate the use of Sanatogen as a substitute for alcohol. It will tone up the system in a natural fashion without danger of subsequent depression. A trial of Sanatogen under conditions in which alcohol is ordinarily taken will convince anyone of this fact.

"Nor is this all. I know at least of two cases in which Sanatogen, regularly used for a certain period, has had the effect of curing the craving for intoxicants. It is not vaunted as a cure for alcoholism, but we can understand from its composition that it will so act on the nervous system as to alter the morbid craving for stimulants, and in time enable the victim to recover his self-command."

Dr. Andrew Wilson finds many other virtues in this preparation, Sanatogen, and a fuller statement of his views is to be found in his interesting little book, entitled *The Art of Living*. Every person interested in knowing more about Sanatogen, and its remarkable influence on the health of those who use it, can obtain a copy of this book, free of charge, on writing to the Publishers, F. Williams and Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C., and asking for a copy of Dr. Wilson's book mentioned in THE BYSTANDER. Sanatogen is sold in packets by all chemists, at 1/9, 2/9, 5/- and 9/6.



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FROCKS ◇ FRILLS ◇ AND FURBELOWS ◇

By Mrs. JACK MAY

I have just emerged from an unusual and distinctly interesting experience. Fate so willed that it should fall to my lot to overhaul the contents of an old house that had contained the faithful hoardings of some 120 years. And among the treasures I found two of those quaint calash evening head-coverings, fashioned of soft drawn black satin, lined rose-petal pink silk, a frill of black lace softening the otherwise rather hard outline of the brim. A veritable wealth of workmanship had been expended on the gauging of the satin and silk, and so far as actual intrinsic value was concerned, they were as good as ever. Some of the old low silk bodices of the early 'thirties proved a complete revelation in sartorialism, a paucity of seams prevailing for the most part, together with a general tendency to droop off the shoulder, as is now the vogue. And we are very surely returning to these cleverly modelled bodices, effected with as few seams as possible, the growing value of the little "Japan" obviously pointing to this seamless condition.

Surplice Evening Cloaks

I have borrowed the title from a contemporary, with all due apologies. For weeks—indeed, I may say months—the influence of these picturesque wraps has been upon me. I foresaw their arrival, dimly enough, it is true, on the horizon; consequently their assured acceptance is, in a measure, as pleasant a surprise to me as to anyone, and Mrs. Dorothy Millar has contrived, in the accompanying sketch, to proffer as pleasing an illustrative example as one could wish to find.

The eye, attuned to genuinely elegant effects, will readily appreciate the quiet undisturbed elegance of this effort, which is consummated in Oriental satin of any approved artistic shade, such as moonlight blue, old rose, buff orange, or Empire green, the voluminous chiffon sleeves *en suite* of harmonising character, a handsome *motif* of jewelled or Oriental embroidery holding in subjection the folds of satin on the shoulder. The idea, also, would be charming in Oriental black satin, lined old rose, the sleeves of black chiffon veiling unders of old rose chiffon and *motifs* of tarnished gold and silver, picked out with topaz. Perfect crowds of chiffon are employed for these diaphanous sleeves, while the aggressively wide armholes provide ample room for the most extravagant type of dress *manche*. And the extravagant type of dress *manche* has still such a long reign to run that anything which conduces to its comfort and convenience has merit to be considered.

The Surplice Evening Wrap

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

The Long-Drawn-Out Trend

It is probable only the keenly observant have remarked it at present, but, nevertheless, the aim is obviously towards the attainment of a weeping outline or naiad appearance. The disposition is to droop from head to foot, so after all the *Retour Auteuil* feathers are